

Price \$19.95

Dr. Lori M. Poe

## JOURNEYS TO WORLDS BEYOND

*Journeys to Worlds Beyond* is a book of a journey into the Heart of God, the journey of every man. This is a fascinating, remarkable biography of an adventurous soul, revealing incidents in the author's life that demonstrate the immortality of the soul and continuity of life after death.

The author proves that the soul can transcend the physical body at will — while still upon earth, and enter the light-filled worlds of eternity *now*. An adept soul traveler, she guides the seeker of God into the way of spiritual freedom, and shows the manner in which it is accomplished, in the soul-experience that permanently lays the fear of death to rest.

Dr. Lori Poe's revealing story and true experiences, concern one human being's uncanny, *supernatural* ability to transcend matter, time and space. Filled with an accumulation of accounts of her journeys into worlds of light, heaven and hell, it is an engrossing biography of firsthand experiences and human drama.

The author says: "Soul is a free agent, worlds beyond can be entered here and now. We are all soul travelers; it is our true nature, and the only means by which to pull out our karmic roots and futile guilts of the past and become free. Spiritual liberation does not dwell on *how to get things done*, but how to become the thing *Itself*."

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Lori M. Poe is a gifted, European-born woman, a spiritual teacher, lecturer and author of esoteric books. She presented her gifts of healing and prophecy on radio, television, and on lecture tours throughout the country. Her services over many years of lecturing, healing and writing reach into countries around the globe. Dr. Poe is a resident of Cincinnati, Ohio.

She is a source of healing and inspiration to hundreds and thousands, who come to her from all walks of life, for inner renewal and spiritual instructions; arousing the interest of the media, national and international. In an article in *New Orleans Magazine* (1976), the reporter comments: "Dr. Poe is an ethereal-looking lady, who credits her powers to the Holy Spirit, she says she is only a conduit . . . how did Aleister Crowley reproduce Dylan's eccentric scribble? How did Dr. Poe know what she knew about me? . . ."

ISBN 0-9624804-3-6

# JOURNEYS TO WORLDS BEYOND

by

Dr. Lori M. Poe



# JOURNEYS TO WORLDS BEYOND

*Dr. Lori M. Poe*

**HEALING BOOKS**

The Place of Light Publisher  
1705 Sutton Avenue, No: 8

Cincinnati, Ohio  
45230-1841

First printing 1985

Second printing 1992, completely revised.

All rights reserved, including the right of reproduction in whole or in part, in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the author.

## JOURNEYS TO WORLDS BEYOND

Published by:

The Place of Light Publisher

Copyright© 1985, 1987, 1990, 1991, 1992 by Lori M. Poe

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 91-92915

ISBN 0-9624804-3-6

Printed by: Crane Duplicating Service, Inc.  
West Barnstable, MA 02668

Manufactured in the United States of America.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2

## DISCLAIMER

This book was written to provide inner guidance and enlightenment on the spiritual subjects covered, and not to infringe on the readers belief, liberty, state of mind and health.

The publisher and author shall have no liability nor responsibility whatsoever to any reader, seeker or person, as to loss, damage or discomfort caused or allegedly caused by the teachings and guidances contained in this book. The directions stated herein are purely spiritual and not to be considered as a substitute for consulting with a psychiatrist or medical doctor.

*BOOKS BY LORI M. POE*

*Wake Up And Walk With God*

*Mystic Wisdom For Richer Living*

*Teach Me The Way*

*Journeys To Worlds Beyond*

*Dynamic Keys To Self-Healing*

*Milestones To God  
Healing Mind And Emotions*

"Wind, Sound and Light —

It ripples through me in echo of far-off places,  
Sweet haunts of sunlit Worlds Beyond,

Dazzling myrth and holy heights my home —  
I reach for the Light —

It yields to the drop of Love, grain of sand and atom  
Of Itself *I Am*, in this small world and all eternity,

Expending, growing, ever rising into Greater Light  
And clearer Sound —

The vacuum pulls me into Its Living Void, lifts me up,  
Sweeps me into silent peace —

To make all toil endured of now and pasts long gone worth-while,  
In exuberance, exhilarating joy I listen deep,

Where Sound and Light in Holy Breath sweep clean  
The quiet, fruitful field of soul —

To grasp again and gather up Its Essence well defined.  
And here It carries off the flaming Light *I AM*

Beyond the thresholds of all mortal thought, beyond eternity  
To leave behind the broken vessels, ashen debris

Of dreams I dared to dream and once called mine.  
Unspeakable Glories caress the soul and hold me close,

And then the Sound . . . It sweeps me up and guides me home.  
I sigh, dance, sing and laugh, and run along a thousand rainbows,

To sink into the Greater Light . . . . .

Truly, I love Thee!

*Lori M. Poe*



## Table of Contents

### Poem

### Introduction

1. New Beginnings	9
2. Empyrean Splendor of the Soul	21
3. The Sacred Sound of God	27
4. Journey into Glory	39
5. Portals of Initiation, Illumination and Discipline	53
6. The Realization of God Through Soul Travel	63
7. Superior Forces Show the Way	77
8. Light and Shadow, Man's Dual Self	83
9. Cycles of the Last Hour	91
10. The World of Astral Light	101
11. Golden Gates of Consciousness	113
12. Life Without End	121



## INTRODUCTION

This book may change your life! It holds the key that will unlock the door to Heavenly Worlds and show you the way to spiritual freedom. The results are joy, well-being and the happiness that manifests the Peace of God. The journey through the *Self* leads to God-Realization, in which you lose all fear of death — and life, forever.

In safeguard of the enveloping God Spirit you shall behold a great vision of what lies beyond death's door. You will enter inner worlds and find you are the immortal soul, that has risen and descended through uncountable evolutionary cycles; and experienced the drama of incarnation and glory of ascension life after life, death after death.

You shall behold the ever-expanding vistas of eternal life, that are as vast unfolding manuscripts of tracks and footprints, that follow the trailing Light of the Radiant Lord, Who left for us road-marks to aid our sacred quest of God. A grand panorama shall unroll before you, as we take up our mantle of Light and journey together to Worlds Beyond, where sparkling merriments never silence, stars never set — and you experience the opulent feeling of inner completeness and peace.

We shall delve into the mysteries of the sunless netherlands of God, that lay in the twilight of purgation, where you feel no time — only duration; and we shall tour the hideous throngs of cosmic subregions, which extricate the heat of degeneration from the self. We shall wander through the hellish terrain of Lacuna Lok that rests in the bowls of the earth, and rise again to the pristine heights of Cosmos. And even though there is no true reality in

worlds of time and space, while you are there they are as tangible as life on earth.

Once we experience the reality of inner worlds, the alien ideology and distorted conclusion of life after death — and God, stand exposed. We should be concerned with spiritual freedom that liberates from the talons of captivity, and from binding creeds that grow thick as weeds in dogmatic graveyards and benefit no one, instead of throwing the stones of damnation at the poor in heart, and shatter the windows of the soul.

This book was written from my direct experiences in worlds beyond and out of the pain of losing a loved one, who materialized to me at the very moment of his death, even though he lived over 2,000 miles away. When my search began to prove the validity of life after death, I hardly knew where to begin. I felt almost as driven by an unseen force that moved me from encounter to encounter, insisting I reassemble and compile the experiences of my solitude — whether I wanted to or not.

Through unexpected illuminations and spontaneous soul flights to invisible worlds, I stumbled upon realities that changed my destiny. And I gathered up God's Blossoms of Truth, as one would rare flowers along a steep and winding trail; and learned more within split seconds in eternity, than studying for a lifetime.

A holy benediction pours over the heart when the Light of Truth illumines the soul. Its impact obliterates the desire for carnal living and discards the need for exoteric teachings, for the soul has been summoned to kneel at the Dias of the Living God and accepts His Truth.

When I speak to you, the *soul*, through the pages of this book, the Light of God shall shine into our conversation and bear witness to a truth old as time. Your many unspoken questions shall be answered.

Gossamer worlds, temples of crystal light, and worlds of eternal freedom beckon from afar and bid you welcome! Come, Dear Friend, clasp now my hand and let us begin our Journeys to Worlds Beyond. This colorful bouquet of spiritual teachings I present to you, may well be the start of the most wondrous, new beginning in your life.

The Author -



## JOURNEYS TO WORLDS BEYOND



## Chapter One

### New Beginnings

A luminous mist filled my head and the clear Sound of the Inner Master's Voice drew me into Light. The country I entered bore the Signature of Love. Soft, meadowy pastures and rolling green valleys came into view, weeping branches of tall green trees kissed the ground and flowers blossomed everywhere, pouring their fragrances into the breeze of the warm Cosmic Wind, that carried it toward Heaven. The stately Master in White walked slowly toward me, and I accompanied Him to the quiet pond where even the field flowers perked up their heads and listened to His Teachings:

"Fear not the darkness, O Scribe, it shall not overtake thee, death means change. A change from form to form, until the soul breaks through the barriers of limitations and reunites with the radiant Self. In the patterns of conscious and superconscious life, one relates to matter, the other to the Divine. Grace appears in form of man and resurrects Itself by Its own strength. It knows nothing of illness nor death.

"Consciousness *is* Life, the Invisible Presence, how can it die? Out of what ye *think* ye know, out of this state, apprehensions and fear are born. When ye are through searching, surmising, internalizing and analyzing, I shall guide thee into the Way and ye shall eat the Bread of Wisdom, drink the Wine of Life — and know immortality. Obey the Law. Ye can kindle fire in a furnace or receive it from Heaven."

In search of final Truth, I entered the wondrous Worlds of God that were alive with life, love, joy and activities, and ecstatically beautiful. I learned death is part of life and that we live to learn to die, and die to live more abundantly. When we speak of death, being dead or dying, it means to be unconscious of Truth. Physical



death does not affect *you*, the *soul*, but liberates the imprisoned splendor to rejoice, unfold and grow into the likeness of God.

Decay refers to matter returning to dust, the living atom goes on. Matter is crystallized Spirit. Compared to the nature of life and force, matter has no duration, but is the means by which Spirit transports the soul through its experiences.

The cryptic meaning of scriptures symbolize day as rebirth of understanding and night to be ignorance. When Jesus repeatedly urged His followers to follow Him, and said: "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven", few understood the meaning. Living or dead, you have to leave the body to get to God. And when the disciple spoke up: "Lord, suffer me first to bury my father", the Master replied: "Follow Me, and let the dead bury the dead!" Matt.: 8:21-22, He referred to those unrealized in spirit and to the physical form that was spiritless and vacant.

### NECESSITY OF TRANSCENDING THE BODY

The Absolute, is referred to in synonym as God or He, but is the Divine *It*, the Formless, Creative Principle that constitutes all life and *You*. During the course of a lifetime, most persons have questioned the reality of God, how it can be proven, who made the soul or if it even existed; except he who found himself out-of-body and realized he *is* the soul, the incarnation of his God.

Though scriptures and books have told us enough about the soul, its possible bliss or demise, none show you how to go *beyond* yourself to *experience* God, since they were written from finite ideas, established opinions and personal concepts of what God is to be. Since the actual fate of the soul could not be determined, the thinker explained it away with extinction or eternal bliss. However, the Creative Principle within man is the energy of life, it lives on forever. To say *It* is no more would be saying God is no more. Whatever else we endure is the purification of energy that reinstates us to Godhood.

The energy of the Principle Source is the Force of Rebirth in all creation. Just because trees are cut down, flowers are plucked up, or animals die, does not mean they do not exist. Below as Above, embodied energy withdraws to corresponding spheres and

prepare to re-enter another form. In this we realize our kinship with Nature and can better understand the energy ensouled in its creations; also the *ascent* of energy that evolves from grains of sand and rock and steadily moves toward eternal cosmos.

On its forward journey, individualized consciousness overcame every condition and every new state through which it evolved. The ascending purified energy of the living atom gathered around the "throne", or monad of form, that has taken on a more exalted exterior. It then became endowed with the Divine Monad, that grants the unredeemed lesser self to express as *personality*, which has the ability to evolve *within itself* into the pure, conscious state that leads to God.

The Divine spark within you is the *Presence* that aids the personality to redeem and free itself from unholy thoughts and enchaining passions, to move into the next phase of spiritual consciousness.

The earth world is not the end. Those who graduate from it must also graduate from the next world entered and overcome the solidity of illusions held within its boundaries. Not until the world of matter mind, illusion and cause have been mastered and left behind, can soul begin to progress in the Worlds of God to become free.

Although Divine Worlds can be entered for short intervals of time through conscious separation from the body, soul returns to its prospective domain until all lower cycles are completed. Thus we realize the necessity of transcending the body at will, for it is the ascent of *energy*, thus of *soul*, that moves us into higher conscious states and frees us from endless rounds of re-embodiment.

Once you have experienced natural separation from the body, you will no longer fear death. Out-of-body travels are not a step into unknown darkness, but going back to God. Nothing can be safer. In this state you become fully aware you *are* the soul, and that there is nothing left to be feared in life nor in death. This is not accomplished through artless courage that leads into psychic traps, but calls for the help of the Inner Master, Who is the Holy Spirit, hears your request, and is always with you from the cradle past eternity.



There is a difference between being dangerously self-sufficient and being God-directed, and a difference between trust and *action*, which in the disembodied state are combined. Anything else is inspiration. To look at a thing differs from becoming the thing itself.

While out-of-body, nothing can disturb the form, the Spirit of God safeguards it. Many individuals are unaware they leave their body during the dreamstate, and enter worlds more real than life on earth. Dreaming is the continuation of daily life and the true life of soul. Each time you enter the Spirit, or sleep, you are in God and die to the body. This does not hurt, why then fear death?

Transcending the body at will reinstates elasticity to your inner forms. After a time you can enter the dreamstate consciously. I hear a soft click, feel the levitation from the body and walk into higher worlds. It's nothing unusual, everyone who longs for God can do it. Out-of-body movement is as natural to your spirit as physical functions are to the body. The more your spiritual senses unfold, the more awake and aware you enter higher worlds. This is why some people recall their dreams more clearly than others.

To many persons heaven seems unattainable while in the body, but since you are a part of every heavenly pattern, who can keep you out? Regeneration and conscious separation from the body are the keys that unlock the door to the Mysteries of God. Death is the Gateway to new beginnings. Unless self-willed, there is no regression, or, if you pardon, having your tailfeathers singed. At worst, you may find atmospheres that wreak with the residue of infernal carnal vibrations. Nothing lasts forever, only Love and God.

Awakening to God can occur suddenly, when the Holy Spirit lifts you into Its light-filled worlds. This is not a special grace conferred on anyone, but occurs when "the pupil is ready". The thoroughness of this experience tears apart the veil of every misjudgment and allusion; and you will find that your new reality is beyond anything wonderful that can ever be said of it. The Sound Current of God moves like sunrays across the barren field of soul; like a soft rainfall kissing the ground and warming the seed, It brings forth your genuine transformation.

If death were the end, why would God nurture the soul? There is no closed door to life after death, save to him who refuses to see it stand ajar. It is the same portal — that Door of Death — through which you are reborn into Divine Consciousness, and travel to worlds beyond. You shall find no portal, door or barrier, only a heavenly mist that envelopes you in blessing.

You live in the Father's Kingdom in this very moment, not yesterday, or an hour ago, or a moment ahead. You live, move and breathe in the Sacred Presence of God *now*. The conversational "I am", belongs to the personality, *I AM*, however, is the Divine Presence. *I AM* dwells within you as *YOU*, *It* is your true identity.

### SCROLLS OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Creeds have come and gone. Millions of years and centuries have rolled by since the world came into being. It is commonly surmised that the scriptures began at Genesis, but archaic records retrogress far beyond the time when God commanded the Cocreating Spirits "Let us create man in our image and likeness", which did not refer to the form, but to the *soul* the form would embody. Divine Reality existed before Genesis became the Idea; and revelations and prophecies preceded the Bible. Ancient records emerged from the intangible invisible before Genesis sprung forth from Its Bosom.

The Divine Ideal manifested Itself into the world of matter. Matter being the mothering earth, was not used by the Cocreators in the creation of man, but the Divine Pleroma of crystallized spirit.

Soul began to evolve. As time moved on, the Secrets of Divine Mysteries were conveyed to disciples by word of mouth, by symbols, by telepathy and to the dreamer.

Over the centuries the dense fog of man's allusions gathered across lower worlds and veiled the Light of Truth. Ecclesiastic tyrants began to victimize seekers to force them to abide by their new doctrines and dictates. It still goes on in our days. Yet every heart finds a little bit of heaven in its own circumstance and periodically the Light breaks through to point the way out of error; to



recede again from sight, leaving him at loose ends who didn't grasp its meaning.

Even though ancient wisdom inscribed on scrolls and parchments were enlightenment to nations and civilizations that since followed them into the mists, we can still learn from their records as we travel out-of-body to the Temples of Cosmic Light. Truth is found through your personal experience in God. And the Holy Quest continues. Souls keep moving along the unbroken circle, riding on the Breath of God from life to life; until the heart becomes still and listens to the Holy Sound — and enters Its Realization.

The Brilliant Sound flows through every soul. It is heard and felt by sincere seekers, by unlearned, humble souls, and at times by spiritual leaders, else they wouldn't have heard the *call*. How Divine Truth has been misconceived, is evidenced by the many revisions and reinterpretations of scriptures. How can the *bound* free others? They expound the Word, the Word . . . unknowing that the Word *is the Sound*, Saviour and only Liberator.

The ancients purposely withheld heavenly secrets from the profane. They knew the power of Light would strike him dead who abused It; as proved by the destruction of Atlantis, Lemuria and other continents that were wiped off the face of the earth for the same reasons, and sank to the bottomless depth of the sea.

Some sacred writings were lost in the talons of time, and the winds of destiny scattered fragments here and there, that fell into the safeguard of mystics who threatened and warned their followers to keep their findings secret at all cost. And the ardent search goes on, that man would find Truth within and God as himself.

It behooves me to think the *pre-eminent* often envy seekers for their experience. But more often the student outgrows the teacher, for he worked more sincerely and honestly than he who taught him and lived decidedly more purely. It gives me great joy to see my students and those who come from all walks of life, unfold in God by leaps and bounds. How much God must love them! Their faces reflect His Light, their lives mirror inner harmony. Who can ask for more?

The Message of Christ was a happy one, filled with promise, hope, enthusiasm and purpose, but since he never left one written line, His Teachings became distorted by scholars who read new meaning into them, and finally could no longer discern between the Law of Spirit and the law of the church. Thus the followers of their diverse doctrines are kept in uncertainty, confusion and at war with their own thoughts and belief. But soon a new wave of souls shall enter the lands of earth. They shall be spiritual giants, who will remove old concepts and usher in new spiritual awakening. And the knowledge of God and Wisdom thereof is older than time, and its Light shall not pale.

### *A New Race of Souls*

This avalanche of newcomers that sent its forerunners down to earth sometime ago, shall bring along Initiators of High Enlightenment, who shall take up physical forms as did the Sons of God in every age. They shall awaken stragglers, laggards, and soften the hard-shelled bigot, to bring them out of self-entrancement into the Light — to save the rest and the whole from the fury of its own momentum. It is evident that at present we are heading into dangerous directions.

It shall indeed be a Golden Age. By the Breath of its warm, spiritual splendor, the dust of ignorance shall blow away like sands carried off by the wind; that every incarnate may reflect the divinity of the Holy One within.

The necessary havoc that assails the world at present is but the upheaval that ushers in a New Beginning for all, which shall emerge from the ruins of another past, into a golden era rich in blessings of every sort, as it will have a strong, spiritual foundation. The Piscean Age ended half a century ago, the Aquarian Water Pitcher is upon us. Even now the great outpouring of Holy Spirit Power is felt on earth and throughout the universe.

As we look around we see prophecies coming into fulfillment, upheavals, cataclysms, killings, hunger, great droughts and war; but also manifesting goodness all around. Persons are more concerned with the welfare of others, more loving, more giving and — forgiving, defending just principles under new and potent heavenly in-



fluences. To compare yesterday's devotions to present day illuminations is as the difference between lip service and speaking in Golden Tongues. The stone of worn-out teachings is being replaced by the True Bread of Life, that all may enter their rightful experience in the Light.

The Golden Era shall terminate the need to join cults and other destructive paths which lead to oblivion; for the seeker of God shall find His Kingdom within himself and the Holy Spirit his True Teacher.

### *Liberation Through the Inner Master*

As long as we live in the physical universe we remain subject to its restricting, curbing influences. The negative force exerts pressure and provides hindrances to teach us to counteract with inner strength, detachment and God-centeredness. When we release to God, restrictions turn into benefits. We are all doing time! The realization of God is the way to get out of jail.

Though often the mere mentioning of soul travel meets with disdain, it remains that it is the natural practice of everyone. If out-of-body travels did not belong to the soul, you could not enter spiritual worlds after death.

When the seeker is ready, the Invisible Master guides him into His Worlds. Since He lives in detachment the evil of man cannot touch Him; hurtfulness directed to Him or to His charge quickly rebounds. The Holy Spirit does not impose on anyone, without your consent. It would do nothing. It ignores those who *demand*, and favor seeking individuals who treat God no better than they do their fellows.

Having met the Wondrous Wayshower, you will no longer be battered by the forces you encounter day by day. He does not stand idly by and let darkness assail you. When your night is dark, His Light comforts, strengthens and guides you. Oftentimes the Holy Spirit appears to your inner vision in Form. It is your Liberator and True Shepherd. No matter how mortals boast to be imbued with the Wisdom of God and ingratiated with the power that will get you to heaven, the spiritual welfare of *every* soul depends on the Radiant Lord.

Let us think of a world crisis, or move billions of years ahead to the possible, final dissolution of the physical/material world, who can rescue but the Mercy of God? No one on earth will exchange his life for yours, Blessed Seeker, he will run to save his own. Whether saint, guru, master or devotee, all depend on the Grace of God's Most Sovereign Spirit. The True Master does not incarnate, He manifests and withdraws Himself again.

Liberation through the Invisible Lord will prove you are an airy creature that can come and go at will and move to any distance in any world and universe. Once you experience this incredible freedom of spirit, life on earth begins to lose its strain, happiness abounds and you will pursue only *being*. Then the Plan of God begins to externalize itself through you. And though at times you may feel like a very lone wanderer, you realize you have become a true citizen of eternal worlds; a being of wondrous creativity and divine expression.

### *Beneficial Restrictions*

Since early childhood I found my good pleasures in delightful settings in Worlds Beyond. My natural tendencies to travel out-of-body kept me from seeking an outer God. There was so much happiness found within. I went to church because I had to, and oh, those Sunder afternoons! After a smarting slap from our pious governess, (Mama would have dismissed her had she known . . . ), I drug my feet behind the caravan of relatives to the cemetery to pay my reluctant respects.

I dreaded those dreary, often drizzly afternoons in the wonderful Old Country and place of my birth. It was a real drag, rain, snow or shine, when Sunday rolled around, off we went to the plot of regrets. By the time we finally got there I had usually lost a shoe that had to be found, or lost the ribbons to my long, braided pig-tails; my hair unstrung and wind-blown everywhere, to the dismay and embarrassment of the noble clan, who always tried to maintain the quality of sophistication — even at the graveyard.

While everyone solemnly prayed for Grandmama's soul to enter heaven, I pinched my cousin who gave me a penetrating look after I told him I had to be excused or needed a drink of water



before I died! I always fidgeted around and bored my toes into the graveside, because I knew by inner sight no one slept underneath those flower beds, moreover I sought to stir up some grief for my weekly inconveniences, in hope my penance would leave me behind. Instead such behavior sent me to my room or to the music chamber, which was still a blessing.

When Grandmama crossed over, everyone mourned and cried for three days. It seemed such a waste. I never could see death to be a factual, final experience. The jubilant wake to follow seemed much more reasonable, especially since Grandmama and my uncle now living on the other side periodically looked me up and I visited them. Since telling of my experiences met with disdain, I quickly learned to keep my secrets to myself.

To balance the account I would leave my body and trail after my aunt down the wide stairways to the wine cellar of the mansion house, and nudged her, upon which she quickly turned around and said: "Is anyone there?" — or I paid my cousin a scary visit to curb his temper and bring him to his senses. Some days I transported to the seamstress quarters where dress forms stood like mummies, and to the old garden house where my playmates from worlds beyond visited me.

My joy was full when the Master in White appeared to usher me to His wondrous places. To leave the body was a pleasurable thing to me, a feeling of great liberty by which I could also listen undetected to those discussing the welfare of my wayward self. It left me to feel unrhymed and misplaced, but never emotionally deprived. I would stroll through our marvellous gardens, filled with flowers, blossoms and peace, and I knew the dear old gardener saw me, as he stopped, leaned over the hoe and anxiously peered around; while Mimi, my long-haired cat let out a long, drawn-out squeal from the pressure of his foot. I fondly remember those days.

I was a skinny kid with dreams higher than the sky, with faraway thoughts and undefinable longings that perpetually imbued my heart. I felt as a stranger in the world of men, because within the magical stillness of snow-laden woods and in the silent sounds of falling snow, and drumbeat of the rain, I clearly heard the Whisperings of God; that infilled me with overflowing joy, and

strange anticipation of something I had to do. What it was I could not tell, but retained the impression to do, to dare and to be brave. I clung fast to the Unseen Presence, and came to know a better love than earth denied me. Growing older, the harmless fun of youth and lofty happiness effaced, as superimposed indoctrination began to enshackle the soul.

My accounts of angels were labeled devilish hallucinations and over the years I endured the insults, deceits and physical brutalities of infernal individuals, and mouthy reprisals that would make the Fair Spirits shiver and blush. Until the Hand of God restrained their hellish games and caught me back up into the fullness of His Light.

I learned that restrictions teach us discernment and *silence*, often in most painful ways — and move us to deeper inturning to Our Source. On the other hand, repression of spiritual gifts, divine perceptions, and the deliberate crowding out of heavenly experiences can make the body very ill, since the harmonious flow of the life force meets with resistance.

If you cannot find an outlet for your creative expressions, whether of music, art, writing or other works of Spirit, then let the Power of Love flow through you into all the world, to accomplish Its Own Purpose. This avoids the bottling up of Divine Energy, for it must flow *through You* — the creative inlet and outlet, to benefit the whole.

The creative power within you is all healing, but will turn on you if you ignore it, or hoard it. Then the fires of bliss will attack the nervous system, seeking release. No sooner than you begin to use the energy to create, the Force moves you back into balance.

You must give to receive and share to grow! Then you will know the Way of God, the Truth, the Word, and the Sound that speaks the language of every heart.



## Chapter Two

### Empyrean Splendor of the Soul

In almost poetic occurrence, *You*, the soul, fell as a bright star out of the glorious crown of God into the form of matter. The brilliant energy of soul and shining atom of God came down to earth to perfect its lesser part, the personality. In its sojourn through earth, it gathers up experiences, to bring forth the First Cause, which brought it into being, to become cocreator with God. When the feminine and masculine energies of the first principle blend, they bring forth the God-man.

The creation of man and all of nature point to eternal being. The quiet soul discovers the hidden magic, its own true nature in God, and the dynamic, creative energy God set into motion within every living thing. The Immortal Spirit moves triumphant through its creations in every world, universe and light system, spiritualizing and etherealizing every life wave.

Soul and spirit are not the same. Soul is without form, but dwelling in lower worlds still partly matter. The Light and Presence of God dwell in it. Your finer bodies resemble the physical form in some measure, and are endowed with clear seeing, hearing, sensing and force, by which you move beyond matter, time and space. Soul is not an organism as presumed, but the link between body and Spirit. It relates to Spirit as the physical body responds to mind and soul. Mind cannot produce anything on its own; all is moved by Spirit, because only Spirit can think. Though the chambers of the mind retain vast knowledge, mind is a filament, a sheath around the soul; and the instrument through which the soul finds expression through every experience, on internal and external levels. The human-self, often thought to be the true self, only serves as the vehicle of soul and Spirit.

Your interlocking finer bodies are the chariots of light by which you enter inner worlds. They are more real and alive than the



physical form, which constantly demands your attention. These bodies as the result of *inner* actions and thoughts, are lovely or gross in appearance, since the energy of all we think and do spills into our multiple force fields and brightens, discolors or injures the fabric, which becomes clearly visible to finer sight.

Oftentimes truth intensifies through experience. Since early childhood, I have seen soul forms, the beauty of effulgent beings, the gross exterior of disembodied entities, and traveled to inner worlds. Once while alone at home I opened the kitchen door and froze in my tracks. A huge entity stood materialized before me. His astral body was covered with sores that oozed dripping, smelly fluid from every pore. His features expressed sheer agony, yet tenderness and helplessness. It was a pitiful sight. I slammed the door and shuddered.

About fifty years later, this same entity reappeared. The body was smaller in size, the energy bright orange, and sores no longer evident. There was a tired smile on his face. It made me realize that stays in worlds of purification can endure for a very long time, even as stays in heaven worlds can last for hundreds and thousands of years, before our next incarnation. But there is a redeeming cycle for everything and for everyone, and to be sure — *LOVE*.

Unless redeemed, our thoughts and base energy can build such integral forms around us which become the garment we will wear when we enter the next world. Nothing is forced on us. All is by choice. But to err allows us to grow. Only deliberate error and mean-spirited acts cause self-destruction.

What we inwardly feel and outwardly express not only affects our spiritual forms, but corresponds to worlds below as above to which we gravitate by *choice* after physical death. Now, when you suffer psychic assaults from jealous, possessive and domineering individuals and vicious people, you are being attacked by the entities attached to them and you will feel a great drain of energy, even as entities attached to a drinker sap your vitality, because energy is what they feed and live on.

Your mental/emotional bodies are distinct forms and feel the pain. But power plays of silent enemies and of those who always do things "for your own good", can be side-stepped. Once you

react, you are out-of-balance and cannot align to the Peace of God, which is the purpose of the negative force which exerts psychic pressure through wanton persons. Non-reaction, no inward interaction is the way. The moment you feel abusive energy, automatically switch your attention to God and know there is *no other* power. Believe it with all your heart and you instantly connect to the force that will sharply rebound the energy to the sender, because now you permit Spirit to function instead of the mind which constantly thrives on acting and reacting. To see goodness in abusive individuals does not always work, because you will remember the badness and counteract, which feeds evil into everything else in your life. There must be *non-identification* from the start, immediately releasing to Spirit. Remember: God is *now*, in this moment! Only God, Good, holds true for you *now* — and you will no longer suffer the negative projections of others.

### *Portrait of the Self, The Over Soul*

The Eternal personified Itself by embodying Its fragments in Its creations. No matter how we may doubt our divine origin, or what we may hurl against God, the One within us remains unaffected, unmoved. The Over Soul overshadows and protects its lesser part, the personality. It oversees its progress and is the Unseen Guest that sees and hears all, and guards the soul from the golden citadel of the Inner Self. This Heavenly Watcher never sleeps and keeps impeccable record of all its soul partner experiences. It uses the mind for tabulation and records every impression no matter how minute the prideful mistake.

Along our many evolutionary journeys we leave behind skeletal remains of physical forms, but take along the energy of the seed atom which moved through every memory seed of every experience in any world or universe, which the Over Soul safely filed away. And this exact record becomes in part the innovator that moves us into every new experience. Omar Khayyám summed it up so well:

"The moving finger writes; and, having writ' moves on; not all your pity or wit — shall lure back half a line, nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."



Since it is *You, the Soul*, keeping record, you shall also be the judge of your own thoughts, intents and actions in the accounting. The Over Light, your True Self, speaks softly, nudging you to come into Its alignment to return to God. Man believes the world he lives in is all there is, until his higher part shocks him out-of-complacency and moves him into the Way. And at that moment when you lose yourself in the glare and dazzling brightness of the Light and reunited with God, your spirit becomes weightless and you are caught up into the Love of the Lord. You behold a wide sweep and clear view of the sunlit Realities of God that before lay enshrouded in mystery.

When you are ready the Inner Self awakens, you will see the ever-outstretched Hands of the Master. You will behold Him within. He will never leave you. You were born of Love, Love holds the key to all happiness. There was never a time when you did not exist and there will never be a time when you will not be. When intellect and mind no longer interfere with spiritual progress, the Light of the Lord will lift you on the Highway to spiritual freedom. And what does freedom mean if not release from matter and freedom from external influences?

The empyreal splendor of the soul is the Divine Ego. Were the human form without divinity man would function as an unfeeling creature, act like a brute and turn his world into shambles. The Divine Monad infills you with energetic force, by which you may become a powerhouse of Love, Wisdom and Truth, and a useful instrument of Spirit.

As soul repeatedly dipped into the magnetic current of matter, it became hypnotized and shackled to its illusions. To regain spiritual consciousness it is repeatedly exiled to the worlds of matter. We're all doing time! Each and every one of us must walk through his self-imposed darkness toward the Light. In the realization of God we begin to move consciously in the Dynamics of God, that manifest through us and become the master of our fate, circumstance and changeable destiny.

### *The Universe Within*

How wonderfully you are made! What intricate patterns the Divine Creator built into our inner world systems. Your spiritual nature is interwoven by a great network of light strands and subtle energies that permeate your interlocking, overlapping spiritual bodies. Trillions of suns and worlds within our true being turn in spiritual power, in reflections and compositions of cells, atoms, molecules and ions.

Our spiritual body hold seven major divine centers and 144 magnetic centers, geometrically aligned. They shine as sparkling stars from the deep backdrop of inner space and become whirling vortexes of Light under the inflection of Radiant God Energy. Often during a healing you can feel a searing, or cool heat permeate your body when these centers become activated.

In spiritual persons the inner luminosity pours into the biomagnetic energy force field, that adds luster and great magnetism to the human aura. When you meet such persons you can feel the quiet Love and you may suddenly find yourself healed without the dispenser being aware of it.

The lower self is attached to the Over Soul much as a dreamer would hitch his wagon to a star. The sutramic or silver cord runs through the enthroned flame and to those who can 'see', it is a wonder to behold. Our inner systems are fed by macrocosmic power by which the nervous system, outbranching vessels and arteries are perpetually nourished, cleansing the bloodstream in the process. Until we get a glimpse of our divine being, we take much for granted.

Without the God Force nothing can exist. Here we understand the sayings of Moses: "... the life of the flesh is in the blood thereof." (Leviticus 17:14). Divine Sound and Light Currents constantly play through our inner networks of shining electrodes and shimmering atoms. We are not dense, we are a feeling, airy creature. In example: what takes place in internal and external worlds can be felt by sensitive persons. Before and during a storm, whether it is felt as a sound within or streaks of lightning appearing on your mental screen or in the physical eye, you know what is going on, but as soon as the storm has passed the flashes of light



stop as well. And so you can feel what is happening in any part of the world, whether it concerns earthquakes, floods, storms, wars or inner planetary disturbances. This holds true for anyone on God's Wave Length.

## Chapter Three

### The Sacred Sound of God

Most everyone wants power, for whatever reason or strange intentions. But the Divine withholds power from those who have not learned to control their own energy, who are more often brought down by the same power they claim to possess. If everybody received what he asked for, premature demise would be on him and on his world.

Individuals who desire power to influence other, or *to get things done*, find manipulative techniques fail, for they fall short on the potency and rhythm of Sound and Light that control inner forces and outer conditions. Unfamiliar with what the Brilliant Sound Current is, people speak of man-power, mind power and will power, rather than recognizing the All-Power of God working through them.

The secret to God and spiritual force is: you give God all your love, keep all things harmless — and begin to live in emotional detachment from people and material things. Then you receive the flow of pure energy to which every sense of personal power steps aside, and your health and material world will flourish.

To live lovingly, purely, and in spiritual honesty, brings you into the naturalness of Spirit, where the Sound is heard and Divine Light provides the connection to every spiritual experience.

#### *Hearing The Sound*

Creative contemplation sets dynamic forces into action that draw you into the Melody of the Brilliant Sound. People reiterate the Word . . . unaware the Holy Sound is the *Word* Itself, and that the *Essence* of the Word is the Enlightener. From the epicenter of the melody, the Holy Comforter stirs the heart into nostalgia and weeping, inspires and uplifts.



In Its various octaves the Audible Sound is often described as a faint humming, softly gonging bells, rushing waters, buzzing of bees, a sound of various frequencies. At times it becomes an enrapturing melody, an experience no language can describe. In the quietudes of nature the Sound of God is clearly heard. When still a child, I would run out into the woods, stood among tall pines and listened to the snow fall. When I asked others if they heard it, they found me rather peculiar. At moments a haunting melody would scoop me up and transport me to worlds beyond; and though every now and then I would feel as an alien among men, I knew my world could only be beautiful when I was at peace with myself and God.

The Holy Sound contains all wisdom; all that was sung, composed and ever written issued out of It. Spiritual living awakens us to Its finer octaves and more often the soul simply nods and knows, but cannot convey the message to others. What we read about differs from what we experience in soul, for only the direct encounter with God can awaken us.

In Light and Sound awareness, Beethoven, Schoppenhauer, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Franz Schubert and many other great composers and artists set their capabilities into action and reproduced celestial works for posterity.

### *Classic Works, the Product of Sacred Sound*

Literary classics, fine art, music, lyrics and sculpture are magnificent expressions of the Divine Originator: the Sound. This is why its visual and audible effects in museums, art galleries and at concertos and symphonies let us feel a great nearness and inner closeness to God. The Melody of the Holy Sound is the language of every soul. It produces and reproduces its Glory through individual consciousness and lingers throughout the ages. Great souls of past and present day artists seldom enjoyed the rewards of their works. Except for the benefit of their own greater unfoldment the rewards benefit those who are illumined by their artistry.

*Jacques Offenbach*, born in Germany in 1819, produced nearly one hundred operettas and gave his last directions to the "Tales of Hoffman" on his deathbed while entering the sounds of higher life.

The French composer Charpentier so fully entered the dimensions of lyrics, he said: "I love the life which surrounds me, this life of the streets of the humble, I feel profoundly lyric. At certain moments of great emotion I behold it traversed by lightning, by a mighty current of marvellous, fairy-like beauty. I have tried to transfer my emotions to my art."

*Franz Schubert* was born in Wien (Vienna). His father remarked: "Whenever I wanted to teach him anything new, I found he already mastered it." However, the works of Schubert were not published until just a couple of years before he died.

Poverty, hardships and sickness were the lot of most classical composers, of which Ludwig van Beethoven was the last. Beethoven said of Haydn: "It is true, Haydn gave me a lesson, but he taught me nothing."

Beethoven was a unique example of attunement to Sound and Light. When in late 1790 he became ill and all hearing left him, he began a retreat of depression and desolation to the extent he sought to end his life. But in his pain he suddenly found himself in harmony with the sounds of inner worlds and in one of his private letters he wrote:

"I carry my thoughts about me for a long time, often a very long time before I write them down; meanwhile my memory is so faithful that I'm sure not to forget, not even in years a theme that has once occurred to me . . . the fundamental idea never deserts me . . . it arises before me, grows . . . I see and hear the picture in all its extent and dimensions stand before my mind like a cast, there remains nothing for me but the labor of writing it down . . . You will ask where I get my ideas. That I cannot tell you with certainty; they come unsummoned, directly, indirectly . . . I could size them with my hands . . . out in the open air; in the woods while walking; in the silence of the nights; early in the morning . . . which are translated by the poet into words, by me into tones that sound and roar about me until I have set them down in notes."

Beethoven composed nine overtures, nine symphonies, thirty sonatas, religious masses and other classical works.

The life of Mozart was a constant struggle for security, as holds true for all who bring forth melodies or literature from spiritual



ethers, but his work showed no trace of hardship. Of this said Tschaiikowsky: "Misfortunes do not effect the real life of artistic work."

Mozart, whose immortalized operas of "Don Giovanni," "The Magic Flute," and "Marriage of Figaro" has our applause, wrote his last three symphonies in the last, most troubled years of his life. When the vessel weakens, the Holy Sound magnifies many fold, so does the Presence. But the very kindness and tenderness he gave to others were repaid by sloth and slander and when he died at age thirty-five, none but those who buried him were present.

It has been said: there is no cross, but we know there is, since everyone has to be content with his own. Those endowed with spiritual grace suffer from lack and afflictions, because when the heart falls to its lowest point and seems helpless, it clears the Way to Wisdom.

Other greats in art and literature spoke of a sudden inflowing power that forced itself on them with strong impressions, as being in a trance, but were uncertain what they were to produce on music sheets or canvas.

Creative individuals are often labeled irate, compulsive and out-of-context with reality. Only those who never entered God Reality while on earth, nor heard the Sound of Life can make such claims. Divine Creativity draws the twice-born into a world of his own to bring forth visions and sounds of Worlds Beyond, to produce a work that would benefit all.

Michelangelo withdrew into deep solitude; in intense response to inner revelations he recreated in his poetry, sculpture and paintings. He so gave God the Glory that he placed his signature on his work only because some vandal tried to claim it for himself. The Inner Force constantly urged him to bring forth perfection and though Michelangelo became the most renown genius of his time, at age twenty-four he labored in physical torment, exhaustion, physical blindness and spiritual pain. It appears the way to glory is anything but smooth!

### *Sound and Light, Food for the Soul*

The scriptures are markedly clear on the subject of the Sacred Sound. Jesus often spoke of this Bread of Life, Manna and Wine of God; which remained a parable to the masses. His comfort to the woman of Samaria was: that once she ate of His Bread and drank of His Water she would never again hunger or thirst. He referred to the Sound of the Audible Lifestream as the Truth, Way, Life and Door and only entrance to Eternal Life, for It is the Spirit, the Only Begotten of the Father.

As we begin our travels on the Golden Beam of Sound and Light we join a long line of pilgrims who have found their way back home to God. They watch from the White Mists and often they join us to accompany us on Journeys To Worlds Beyond. No one walks alone.

### *Ascent Into The Sound*

When we live the life and hold fast to God, out-of-body travels become part of soul-development, because we are moving back to God. Some experiences are startling, others blissful, but you remain always protected and secure in God.

The Sound aroused me from deep sleep into semiawareness. First it was faint, then it hummed stronger, until its soft currents moved through my bones and flesh. As it poured out of my pores, humming, singing, it began to fill my head beyond endurance. I felt like plugged into a light socket and could not more. The power rippled through me, steadily humming, I felt as a lifeless clod, yet more alive than ever and at the fine point when I thought it was over for me, eternal sunshine bathed me in its Love.

The swirling effulgence of colorful lights that swam before my vision, began to correlate and blend into a big glare, that reached down as a hand and plucked me up. A wondrous melody filtered through the soul and I stood in the center of the Holy Word. I no longer heard the Sound, I was sound, light, mercy grace and compassion, standing in midst of a broad stream of radiant energy that ran through me like a singing river.

I was the *I-ness*, the everness of that moment, devoid of personality, stripped of all pride, the naked soul. A shapeless thing I



was, that saw, heard and knew all things; filled with power — yet devoid of it, through which an even greater force sang and hummed. In that split moment I knew immortality and the Power of the Source, but also that to abuse it or take more than was granted, would mean to be snuffed out like a dying flame. I no longer searched for the Eyes of the Beloved, for I was the Beloved and the pain of every creature that released itself into Love. And all was well with the soul, God Harmony rang out from its center.

But it was not over, more was to come. Slowly regaining composure, my shaking frame sunk deeper into the pillows. And lo, I felt as though someone had stuck a new head on my shoulders! I dropped back into semiawareness and found myself attuned to another frequency that filled me with amazement, as I heard persons speak on open telephone lines. Their conversations were delightful! First I thought the ringing phone was my own, but somewhat depleted from the encounter, I couldn't check it out. Still attuned to higher frequencies, I heard a telephone operator stress in southern slang: "Brazi-ccc-al, Brazi-eee-al", (Brazil), then a click and another ring. Persons answered, clearing their throat, and conversations began, call after call. And, I understood their foreign language. . . ! Well, I thought, this was simply grand! One could save telephone expenses, if the other person were attuned!

But then, after a most restful night, the morning hour wasn't so funny — mortal doubt assailed me. Perhaps all was *not* well. I hurried to see the head of neurology whose broad smile set me aghast, since I thought I was having a nervous breakdown, who simply said: "O, it's nothing, it's just the way you are!" Which astonished me even more, since I wondered just how he meant this to be . . .

No one ever told me, nor could explain the reactions that would occur after spiritual experiences, perhaps teachers never encountered them. So I followed my instincts. It was better to know the truth than to think your world was falling apart.

After your experience in the Sound Current, your being becomes ultrasensitized. You shall feel the pain of many things. To live in harmony with others and in emotional detachment becomes prerequisite, for the power now awakened within you heals or destroys. Discordant conditions can affect you rather unfavorably.

The glorious Sound and Bessemer Light leave you feeling exalted, joyous and whole. It's like an earthquake when old beliefs and worn-out notions fall back into the rubble, and the self begins to shed the husk and aligns to its Shining Light.

### *As the Being Unfolds*

Seekers periodically tell me of their spiritual growing pains. Of a swiftly fading imbalance, the seeing of flashing lights and feeling exceedingly tense, which is followed by a great insurging of fresh energies and superior well-being. When there is no medical explanation, the cause is *regeneration*.

I had gone through a five-year siege that had no physical cause. When I asked a "knowledgeable" teacher what might be wrong, I received a useless eastern quote from the secretary for an answer. So I turned to the Invisible Master, Who replied to the point:

"Interims of adjustments take place as a stronger light body is being built. Do not speak of weakness but of strength. Soul now gathers up a greater surge of electrodes into its systems, that nourish the entire being. Regeneration must be. Discomforts shall subside. When the shadow encompass thee, cry not for thy Lord, abide in peace."

Affects of regeneration can imbue the seeker with a periodic faraway feeling, slight breathing difficulties and with a profound burning in the heart center, for the Divine Flame slowly draws the dross into its purifying nature. Since man is the body, soul and spirit, regeneration is felt on every level. When the cause of discomforts cannot be medically diagnosed, you are undergoing spiritual changes. After the ordeal, the infiltrating Light shall be more soothing than ever, it's just something you go through on your way to God.

### *Your Sensitized Vision*

The new life brings forth adjustments in your natural vision, you can now close your eyes and see with your spiritual vision as well. The two visual instruments must come into balance, since you now shift your attention from one to the other. As you begin to perceive more clearly on higher levels, you may look at an object



and see double exposures, but find your natural vision much improved.

You may also see the symbols of power, in forms of circles, squares, triangles, or streaks of beaming light. Now, if you don't know what is happening it might frighten you; knowing the cause you can keep your composure. The point is, you must go through great clearings and fields of Light to reach enlightenment.

A point to remember: never strain your inner vision to "see". Nothing happens by force. Allow your progress to be natural, gradual and God-guided.

Looking through the eyes of soul, everything around may sometimes taken on different shapes, various shades and colors may become more vivid than you have seen before. For you now look at the kernel instead of the husk. In example: a building may no longer appear as a solid structure, but more like a mass of correlated atoms. You simply see what *is* and see it in its original state. Now, you might also see a building that was torn down fifty years ago, because in the invisible it still exists. This proves our world is a wondrous illusion, as is the temporary form in which you dwell.

### *Golden Triangles/Star Patterns*

It was a cool day when the golden breath of the autumn wind scattered flurries of leaves across the lawn and the fire crackling in the hearth gave a feeling of warmth that spurred me on to quickly finish my chores. As I bent over a box to rearrange antiques, a brilliant triangle appeared in my left eye, then in my right, across my forehead and more filled my head. When I pulled myself up, hundreds of interlocking triangles moved like a solid mass of brilliant energy through every space of the large livingroom. I heard tiny metallic clicks as though from out-of-space that sang and hummed. Too weak to stand up from the surprise, I stumbled into my office. By the time I reached for the telephone I could no longer see the numbers, but managed to dial the operator to call the life squad, after which my vision was immediately again perfect. The squad arrived, checked me out and I was relieved to hear I was perfect; but felt totally embarrassed for my immature behavior and lack of trust in God.

However, two days before this happening the inner voice had counseled: "Be not afraid, you must not be afraid!" to which I replied: "Afraid of what?" Little did I know this experience poured such charge through me that callers exclaimed a great heat poured through them as we spoke on the telephone. God is Love, warmth, heat and Power — and much more.

Time ran into nearly five years and again I felt the periodic nudging of the Silent Watcher. "Be not afraid, you must not be afraid!" Afraid of what? — I mused, too much to do even to think of fearful, mortal things that didn't bother me anyway, only God held that power. But an inner apprehension persisted.

The constantly ringing telephone attested to the fact that my feature in the *Baltimore Sun* had just come out. It was a busy time. I walked to my desk, when a bright effulgent star appeared within my vision, two and three more multiplied to hundreds upon hundreds. Soon my inner and outer force field unfolded to endless dimensions thickly studded with a constantly moving, revolving and interblending mass of star-shaped energy that periodically obscured my vision as the patterns grew to unendurable brightness. "Saints deliver me!" But somehow the Force moved me into total self-control and I followed the sudden impulse to enter contemplation.

Since a wall no longer existed it was a miracle how I found my quiet place in the bedroom. By now even the ringing telephone sounded as a mere echo from outer space as the Melody of the Sound hummed through my inner being and through every geometric pattern. By sheer instinct I spoke into the everness of star patterns that moved my spiritual senses deeper inward: "Whatever Thy Will, Father, so be it also mine!"

And slowly the Force let go and turned my momentary terror to awe, the enormity of what I beheld was so overwhelming, no word I would muster up could describe it. And I thought to myself 'all that truly glitters lies behind the scenes in the Invisible'. Then it was gone. The brilliance of geometric lights grew dim and vanished in a swiftness as though the Breath of God had carried it off.

There were no ill after effects this time, though at the moment the happening was hard to endure. I felt enormous peace and



great joy steal into my heart and a strength of Spirit lend to me that belonged to the Gods. It was almost a feeling of victory, that at long last the small, trembling self found its strength, leaning on God. The light force remained active within me for months to follow, and inner happiness remained.

In your daily life, the vibrations you sense, feel and can actually see, give off a soft sound. Sound energy is vibration. Spiritual individuals readily feel the divine emanations of the Force, but believe they come from the speaker. Among my guests at the Hilton Inn, in Nashville, TN., were some interested physicians who attended my lecture on spiritual healing. One who sat at least twelve feet from the podium suddenly excused himself to wash his hands, stretching them forward as though they were behung with mud.

I must have had a strange look on my face, when he came close and whispered that a strong vibration ran through him each time I began a new sentence. I marveled. What he felt was Spirit, but he could not discern between astral vibrations and the Divine, at least not for that time. On many occasions my guests would tell me of experiencing instant healing during a lecture; which certainly had nothing to do with me, but with the listener's own devotion and receptivity to God's Healing Current.

Sound, Light and visual effects are the way the Divine arouses our attention. When individuals complain about a humming sound or ringing in their ears that has no physical reason, the cause can be found in one's inner nature. Then we might ask: is there something I neglected to do? Do I lack appreciation? Have I swept aside a trifle that may have greatly aided someone else? Is there something to be rectified? Too much listening to people instead of to God? And other related questions. The Sound can persist for months on end, if you ignore it, but when you listen to its promptings, to what it seeks to convey and follow through, it will leave as suddenly as it came. When we perceive the inflowing current of quiet peace from sunlit lands that lay in our inner worlds, we learn that each audible note is part of our own melody and life.

Soul travel and total awareness of God are connected to the Soundcurrent or Spirit, which is Sound and Light moving the

atoms through various worlds and planes, and as the Sound comes out of them it is heard differently on each plane. But the Universal Sound is heard as the *HU*. If you would hum the Sound of *HU* before your day begins, It will pour strength, stability and peace into your day. And if you would hum H-u-u-u-u, before going to sleep at night, *It* will forgive and release your errors of the day, because It is the Power and Lifegiver. More than that, you will experience reality. If you do not, be patient, it will happen on its own accord. And what you experience will fascinate you beyond words, because you are living it in your divine Self. This is when you meet the Radiant Inner Lord, and your life will never again be the same. And then you will hear the sound and know true reality and you will have survival after death, because you have gained freedom in heavenly worlds; and you will gradually come into the true center of God, which is your destiny.

As we reach for higher ideals and expand our life to a noble purpose, inner worlds open their portals and we begin our journey into glory. Come, Beloved of God, and follow me to experience an unforgettable journey that shall lead us into the magnificent Heartland of Our Sacred Father, to the Kingdom of God within *You*.



## Chapter Four

### Journey into Glory

Before we enter the sunlit lands of God, we shall take respite and prepare for the journey. Love, motivation, force of will, and the longing to be somewhere, move energy into action and set the vehicle into motion. To envision a heavenly setting, a spiritual city, or a celestial temple, moves you to gravitate toward it. Heaven is only a short wander away. A mere shift of consciousness from one space or place to the next gets you there. And that's what it is all about: *conscious* travel out-of-body.

When you read about out-of-body experiences in a magazine, you say it is interesting, but you haven't as yet proved it to yourself. With the teachings in this book you can do so now and enter inner worlds. Do not wait for Spirit to move you, or for inspiration, you can go to your center now. Instead of looking and searching, start *doing*, that the Spirit of God can take you to its worlds. It will change your life. For until then you will run from teacher to teacher and never find what you're looking for. Remember, the experience in God belongs to you here and now. Since you are already in these worlds and carry the bodies constantly with you, that correspond to higher worlds, you merely shift your awareness from the physical to the astral, to the mental plane and from there to the soul plane, which is natural to your inner being.

You experience inner worlds in your own way, through your own eyes and evaluation. Because the Kingdom of God is so vast, no two experiences are alike, as each goes to wherever they want to be. Since you enter the heavenly worlds fully awake and aware, you will know what it is like to live life beyond death and you will lose all fear of crossing the threshold of death when your time comes to go on. You will be fully awake and aware and know where you are going. If you have the experience here and now and you experience its incredible freedom and the wonders beyond, if



only for a few seconds, you have progressed far and you will no longer fear death.

Soul travels and astral projection belong to lower worlds. Your inner bodies or vehicles correspond to their spiritual regions. When you drop all forms you enter Soul Awareness and God Realization. Since soul is a God-contained unit, in the God-conscious state movement is no longer required. You know exactly where you are at all times and you see all things above and below. From this point you can lower your energy at will and move from one conscious state to another.

Wherever you go, Divine Light is your Wayshower and Protector and referred to as the Invisible Inner Master, the Power or Holy Spirit. He is therefore no man — and no man is your master. When you come to the fork of the road and forsaken the worship of man, false gods and fallen idols, the Radiant Lord will enmantle you with Love and guide you into His worlds.

There is a simple technique you can do, to dream more beautiful dreams and to become accustomed to conscious separation from the body. Before going to sleep, envision a circle of blue-white effulgence appearing before your inner vision. See yourself clothed in its radiance, as though it were your brand new garment; then step into the Greater Light and walk on. The Power is always in control, there is nothing to fear.

It's never a matter of following the Inner Master in blind faith, as some might a teacher on earth, but rather that trust be moved into action, which makes soul travel possible. Some will always get there, but keep lingering at the gate. I'm just a simple soul, but my files hold many letters and tapes from persons who say they have traveled with me to invisible worlds, who give detailed descriptions of the beautiful sites we visited and remembered what I taught them.

I can only explain it this way: I remember one quiet evening long ago, when the work of the day had taken its toll, I said: "God, I'm too tired to pray, but if there's anything left in me this day, useful for service, then use this part while I'm asleep, to help, to heal, and to enlighten." And so it was. Now, some seekers glimpse fairer shores, thinking they saw and conquered, but there is a dif-

ference between beholding and being there, finding yourself wide awake in midst of the experience.

### *On Wings of Soul Power*

Soul projections can occur suddenly, since the overshadowing Presence does not announce what shall be or when. Once during contemplation I whirled out-of-the body and found myself near a beautiful city that lay in glistening sunlight. Its outskirts fringed on a white, sandy shore that edged against blue ocean waters. Skyscrapers towered high into fleecy clouds, that rippled across the clear-blue sky. But my happy excursion was short lived, as I suddenly became aware of being suspended to enormous heights, hovering in midair, with nothing but ocean beneath. Remembering I couldn't swim a stroke, snapped me directly back into the body, deprived of what might have been a much greater experience. The sense of self-preservation brings us back — energy follows thought, you are always safe.

### *A Strange New World*

The moment has arrived to take up our mantle of Light and to begin our journey into a world of unfolding wonders. You shall now step through the portals of spiritual consciousness, where the Light of God becomes your vesture; and the Sacred Sound bears you up into a world where lower vibrations are made pure in the fulness of Its Love. As the benediction of the Beloved rests upon your head, the gong of the Holy Word strikes, inner gates swing wide open and you may enter. Come, let your thoughts trail along heavenly pathways, let your spirit flow after the vision and feel the touch of the cosmic breeze kissing your face and Love embrace you, as you read and travel on. We are now entering dimensions of spiritual life. As you follow me in thought, see the scenery, feel you are there, walking step-by-step with me, experiencing, learning, enjoying the beauty, and rising to greater spiritual heights.

You are surrounded by incredible Love. The scenery looks familiar, and though you may not remember, you have been in this world many times before. The continent is bathed in the radiance of heaven, and as you will see, it is so infinitely glorious, to remain



silent would say more. The ground under foot becomes tangible, yet it is etheric — you are etheric.

The Temple of the Wise stands in midst of the capital city, it is guarded by majestic beings robed in light, who teach newcomers the disciplines of the Great Way. Radiant love illumines the entire continent.

I had just entered higher borderlands and met up with the Guardian Master, who taught me the way of soul travel. I wondered what kept him, mused, waited and listened to the singing streams, to the voice of the hills and nature spirits, that sweetly hummed across etheric meadows, and the breath of Love carried their praises into eternity. By an insurging force I entered my finer enmantlements and moved swift as the wind to the site by the Mountain of Light, expecting the Master. The mountain top glistened in crystal light, that poured thousands of scintillating beams across the continent and illumined the regions below. I could see far beyond and below into the dark lands of the Asuras, the abode of the groups of malignant forces that constantly oppose the Legions of Light.

The ground sloped down to the steep terrain which abruptly ended at a sea of thick, impenetrable fog. The vicious hissing and moaning of whispering forces muffled the Cadence of Redemption that beat down from the High Country. Cold shivers ran through me as I stared down into the planes that lay partially covered by greyish mist. The stormy atmosphere beneath the calm exterior boiled and wreaked with contempt. I felt great sadness welling up from the land of Asure, from deep beneath — in the bowls of the earth, that steamed with the energy of self-serving natures, vain glory and carnal passion.

As my vision turned again to the Light, the scenery of nature suddenly came aglow with love. Holy peace reigned in the lightfilled world around me and the air was again soft and pure. As I pondered, it behooved me to think we speak of God so flippantly, and though as death would make an end to all things, when Our Sovereign Creator is pure Love, and death, as proved to me a misplaced label, that dissolves into the continuity of life, abundant

beyond imagination. If death *did* exist, I could not have crossed its threshold.

My ascent upward was so swift I felt as though Love's Clarion Call sweetly swooned my senses. No sooner than I sat beneath the wide-branched tree in the Garden of God, the Master's Voice rang through my wandering thoughts. "Greetings — patience, it must be learned!" Well, it was never my best virtue. Then he smiled broadly, pulled out an old dented flask and handed it to me. One small swig and new strength ran through me like a quickening spring of mountain water. It removed my apprehensions of what I beheld just moments ago, in the dark regions of slumbering fright.

### *The Invisible Land of Nad*

Pull now your cape of Light closely around your shoulders, for we must travel through darkness before we can enter the Land of Nad. What you shall experience will surpass your fondest dreams.

Now etheric brightness gave way to an eerie dimness that suddenly became dark as night, filled with chilling sounds of many rushing waters, that clapped together like a thousand tongues in the wild gibberish of the turbulent waves, and rose to a shrill allegro of hissing winds that caught fractions of far-off melodies into its fury.

Slowly the clamor ebbed off to sounds of droning waterfalls, and then the muttered echoes and grumbling faded into the stillness of cosmic night. You could hear a pin drop if you had one, in that moment of dark, all-pervading silence. The agitation resumed with new intensity, sending irritating vibrations through me, as if to wash me clean. It was more than I could bear: "Saints deliver me!" I cried out. Saints? Where was the Master? I felt scared, forlorn, forsaken and bone tired. The mere thought of the Noble Guardian cleared my head, and his masterly vision now gazed into me with calm compassion. Again he pulled out the old brown field flask, and a sip of it restored me by the Oil of Heaven. I was ashamed of my faltering faith that swayed like a reed in the wind . . .

Now the atmosphere became clear and bright. Attar of roses and wildflowers diffused the air and vivid flowers sprung up along the sunny footpath. The soft effulgence of the rosy-fingered morn-



ing began to grace the widespanned horizon, that began to pour streams of colorful light-beams into every direction and into worlds below. Rose, indigo, violet, green yellow-white and molten gold ran across the sky, blending their soft colors into a beautiful rainbow; and the rays of the sun began to form a broad frame around a huge golden triangle, that hung like a gigantic lantern from the sky. An unseen force pulled our approaching forms upward and through its magnetic center, which was so bright you had to close your eyes and simply trust it, until we set foot on the other side. Its purging gold became our garment, a filament of Light it was, so fine it seemed only fitting for the Gods, a bridal vesture couldn't compare to it. It shone as the sun and felt good to the soul; like bathing in God's Glory at the summit of consciousness. It made me forget the ebb tide, writhing mass, and amber dusk that assailed us just moments ago.

This world was vibrating with rhythms and melodies unheard of, that ran in ribbon-like waves to and fro and were the means by which everything moved in this rapturous land. Whereas before everything was stable under foot, we now no longer walked, but were suspended to unmentionable heights until the soul again felt stable. The Guardian stood in godly attire. Darting lights ran from his form like fiery streaks, beaming out into the light-blue ethers. My senses were acutely awake and aware. I could see into all eternity. Wide-spanned vistas and vast continents lay deep beneath us in elysian glow. Golden-domed temples towered tall into the whiteness of heavens and stars hung like twinkling lanterns on the royal firmament. And I thought to myself: "Truly, we were born Gods to behold such wonders. It was magnificent!

### *Garden of the Gods*

The Master gave me an urging look to snap out of my adorations, what filled me with awe, to him seemed just another setting. Soon we gravitated toward a continent alive with felicity and entered the spiritual worlds below. Harmony and peace permeated the colorful hues of the land unfolding before us. This new dimension was brimming with life and natural beauty, and well-traveled.

Old shady gardens were flooded with dense foilage, tiny eyes peeping through lacy leaves here and there, little creatures scrambling up the bark of sprawling trees, whose limbs bent low under the load of exotic fruit. Long-legged birds, some ten feet tall, pranced gracefully along the white sands near the sea, where people made merry, having fun in the sun, and danced to the melody of the waves.

White cliffs and razor-sharp craggy rocks glistened in crystal light, rivers of Light, deep green valleys and mountains higher than Everest peaked high into the azure sky. The whole panorama nestled in the embrace and constancy of heavenly Love, which gave a feeling of great exaltation, and how I prayed to remember to share my findings with the world, but who would believe?

The air was crisp and clear. Out footpath led to the deep recesses of cosmic altitudes, where wildflowers and thousands of wild rosebuds turned their tiny faces toward the sun. The wild beauty of nature and bursts of vivid flowers adorn the winding pathways; a tender love song rose up from the heart of nature and dissolved into the radiant lines of heaven. At the rim of the pine forest and wildwood, willowy branches of strange looking trees kissed the mossy ground, some overhung the ramparts of nature's terrace; eternal blessings flowed into the valleys below.

### *The Hanging Bridge of Nad*

We continued along the broad river. Across the way above the plummeting depth of another valley spanned a long, hanging bridge, which provided a skywalk between a couple of towering mountains. Amazed, I stared at the ageless structure that swayed like a flimsy web in the mystic breeze, and I marveled who in their right mind would dare walk across it, even though I knew how effortless it was done.

The Master knew my thoughts, smiled and told me to take a better look. I stood in awe. A caravan of beings in white lifted upon the enormous airway and the hanging bridge swayed lofty in the mists. A bright ray of Light fell down from above, transforming their long, flowing garments into filaments of light. Empyrean splendor shone from their royal crowns as they continued walking



along in silence. Visible sound patterns of resplendent colors linked the great company one to another. Fiery flames of rosy-gold discharged from their feet, and by the humming sounds of golden allegros the fragile skywalk swayed even more, though it's still vividly before my inner vision as I write it down, words do not suffice to give better account.

### *Temple of the Gods*

The living wonderland of God was filled with magical power. We moved on a short distance and passed another delegation of silent beings who were heading to our chosen destination. A sunlit city came into view and the sunglow pouring down from the mountain peaks laid across our path. The Master walked beside me in silence. And lo, a chiffon mist began to drizzle like sparkling rain over the landscape and made our steps light; bathing and awakening the blossoms that suddenly sprang up from the ground to grace our footsteps. The path ran into a dead end at the massive gate of the city.

A colossal being in white who was the gatekeeper, quietly motioned to us in hearty welcome. His forehead bore the seal of God, his golden-bronze features revealed the furrows of time and changelessness of Love. The ancient one seemed to change his features, one moment he looked old and gruff, and a picture of youth in the next.

This holy city near the Heart of God was alive with activity and joy. Children dressed in fashions of starlight worn caplets of flowers and golden ribbons in their hair, danced and played in the sounds of eternal life. Many silent beings silhouetted along the promenade, while others gathered by the gigantic pillars of the ancient temple, guarded by two very large, long-haired dogs with fiery eyes that spoke to you through telepathy and were quite friendly. All was in God Harmony.

Sounds of heaven hummed through the air and mingled with bird songs; the soft melody of sacred strings and harps were heard far and wide. Streets shone crystal clear and golden, reflecting a great effulgence. As we neared the eastern gate I suddenly felt the triumph and exaltation of Spirit, a feeling of rapture and unspeak-

able delight. All around was bright and still and a push of an unseen force moved us onward. Life was infused with sweetness, love and abiding peace, and with the humming of *HU* and sweet haunts of melodies pouring down into the city of the King of Light. Now a radiant being parted the mists and the air was filled with unspeakable glory. At times the Light erased the holy company from view, who were walking toward the golden-domed temple.

Some entered the massive portal of the temple, which scintillated in the fires of sapphire Light. Knowledge of ancient worlds and civilizations long gone and sacred wisdom were held within vaulted chambers. The peaked temple dome towering into celestial heights at times vanished into the mists.

From flaming beacon lights poured visible streams of energy that seeped into the heartbeat of worlds below. I heard its sound fall to awesome depth, infusing and dissipating itself into masses of painridden, lonely hearts to give holy succor, and to sleeping souls to reawaken them to God. All this I saw. Now attar of ancient scents poured out from cosmic altars and my spirit bathed in the audible silence and heavenly hush. My high-born Guardian gestured we had arrived at the Temple of Peace, after which he again fell silent. The soft vibration of the holy site would melt the most hardened heart and transform it to heavenly likeness.

A mighty son of God who stood tall and majestic in the light of his broad frame, held safeguard over uncountable scrolls and occasionally he would vanish from view. His steely blue eyes bore straight through me, even though he seemed to be looking into worlds below, to rouse the leggard and the sleeper with the Light of Truth. He knew all things. As Holy Spirit Anthems rolled down from the golden citadel, my innards grew weak with gnawing hunger to learn of the truth inscribed on parchments stacked thick and high on huge shelves, that held the seed and wisdom of creation. And I peered at them as a starved creature coveting a crust of bread.

Tiny fiery tongues played around the golden-edged artifacts near the great Book of Life. Scrolls upon scrolls were neatly stacked on deep library shelves all around, and I heard whispers of rare truth rebounding from the walls, a truth far fetched from the



"books of life" I read on earth, that are stones given for bread to hungry seekers. By reviving scents of myrrh rising up from a chinese carafe and a strong whiff of wondrous attar, I regained composure. The Guardian spoke: "Look!" Upon the temple dias sat a radiant light that shone as a trillion stars. I only knew by instinct that the brightness kept the governing being of this region from view, but I was certain the Master clearly saw him . . .

Who it was I could not tell, but by the impactful radiance I became as nothing and felt like a dot of dwindling light that could increase to mammoth proportions or fade into oblivion at any moment. The pain of Love rose in and out of me, changing from desolation to glory. This most profound experience I'm almost too apprehensive to relive, was magnified a hundred fold compared to the first meeting with my Inner Teacher in higher worlds, who was so delighted when we met, he threw me across his shoulder high into the air, with a power-surge so strong I begged release, unless I would lose my senses.

And then, as the Light of the Holy Being washed through me again and I surmised my end had come, His roaring laughter echoed out into the universe and straightaway a soft embrace from an unseen force drew me into gossamer brightness. As I felt to part of its fabric, my sentient remnants kept spinning in the gold of holy Light, tumbling and reeling in the bliss and Wine of Life. I was eyes, intelligence, consciousness, living energy, a God-realized being, if only for that interval of a few seconds which seemed to last a lifetime.

I looked to my noble Wayshower who seemed to have etherealized. Only the shapelessness of his faint silhouette was visible, out of which his thoughts spoke to me. He cautioned me not to question, not even with one feeble thought, that it was forbidden in this sacred place, unless dread would befall me. For this was not the world of records, but the Sacred Temple enshrining the Book of Life. It was bound in misty blue, embossed in golden script and showed traces of antiquity in and out. Its text only a true Son of God could endure, understand and utilize. And without further notice our journey to this world beyond the sun ended.

The beloved Master's voice faded into the echo of time. Only the sweet whispers of the Holy Sound remained — which sang and hummed all about and through my deepest self. Then a spinning, a soft thump, and I was back in the body, to face my world with all its responsibilities, pains and disappointments. But now I knew how to transcend its hassles, for I had the backing of the Master Light and could do all It asked of me and do it well. And I pondered the lives of those who risk so much for so little and the lives of others who give all and forsaken all, to follow Love's Clarion Call and the celestial dream.

And it is certain, that once you caught a glimpse of divine worlds, there will remain an all-pervading restlessness within you, that spurs you on to get back to God. When you *consciously* realize your roots in Spirit, your life will be quite different, and come what may you *will* experience the rebirth of a true, new, wonderful *You*.

Along the way there were many initiations into greater Light and into the more intense Cadence of the Brilliant Sound, some too wonderful for words, and others so horrid this paper couldn't endure the pain. But I wouldn't exchange it for all the world has offered me for evil always leaves its calling card, even in and through benevolence — it's just what you learn along the way and part of growing up in God.

### *In Midst of Starlight*

The worlds and universes of God are teeming with life, activities, principalities and powers, which radiate the purity lower worlds lack. We believe our world is only as limited as our telescopes and space vehicles can reach, but this is not so, as visible and invisible star worlds and those who inhabit them, draw their light/and life energy from infinitely higher systems.

Since the galaxies and universes are light years apart, we can appreciate the power and velocity of spiritual travels, and the Living Current of the Holy Sound that moves us swiftly into invisible worlds. The citadel of consciousness becomes our springboard and point of departure. But in fact we do not travel anywhere, it is only the movement through time and space which



makes it so appear. All there is, is here and now and you are already there. Soul travel is the way and method by which you realize this truth.

Cosmic worlds give a hearty welcome to illumined souls. The noble class of citizens inhabiting invisible worlds have never known the problems of disbelief, nor the friction unspirituality creates among lower world creeds.

My Venusian friends gave me many insights into the ways and laws of Spirit. Space beings taught me more about love, life, compassion and God, those disregarding other realities would be unlikely to understand. The solar beings I met did not resemble those portrayed with small bodies and large heads, though the latter may belong to another lineage of evolved beings.

Venusians are as lovely as the sublimity of the spiritual world in which they live. Their features are classic and very beautiful. Their royal diadems are fashioned of silver-white rays which form into tiny golden balls at the ends and discharge emanations of multi-colored lights, radiating the energy of their countenance.

Their eyes are almond shaped, soulful and large. Above artistic brows, their foreheads pulsate with brightness. The nose is classic, white teeth sparkle under well-formed lips, and in appearance they are statuesque, tall beings. They appear to us on inner and outer planes and depart by stepping backwards into the mists. To come into their presences for any length of time, one suddenly finds many conditions uplifted and healed.

When my travels with the magnificently beautiful *Aeria* began, I hitched my wagon to a star in every sense of the word. I accompanied her into the nowness where time and space no longer exist, and love is the password that opens the door to every other light system.

*Aeria's* light energy picks me up and I move on a beam of unfathomable speed and motion is no longer felt. I can only feel the rhythm of melodic sounds flowing out of the scintillating bursts of light all around us, and realize that part of ever-moving energy that constitutes the influence and life of evolution.

*Aeria* stands ten foot tall. Her stately, slender appearance is not humanoid, but *human like*. Her pale blue eyes shimmer as the

clear blue waters of Venusian Ximballa, and her gaze reflects the radiance of the planetary 'Temple of Thousand Lights', of Venus. *Aeria's* golden hair is shoulder length, and when she smiles, which is not too often, it is the smile of the Gods.

I have met space travelers and ruling lords from other planets as well, and from the Mercurial World. They, as *Aeria*, are strong, stately and wise, but mostly masculine. I have had contacts with spiritual travelers since early childhood, but what was natural to me was bizzare to others, and having suffered considerable abuse because of it, I learned to keep silent.

The star worlds are part of our being, anyone who chooses to do so may go there. Once we enter higher worlds consciously, we realize that all the world contains is transient, illusive and dissolves. When books disappear, knowledge goes with them, and the remnants left point to the imagination of other minds that constitute today's mass teachings. There is no substitute for your personal experiences in the reality of God. And when we take heart and explore the Kingdom of God within us, we should also remember that we only encounter celestial beings on the level to which we evolved. Much more could be said on the subject.

We shall continue our journeys to worlds beyond, after we have examined the night of the soul and the meaning of initiation.



## Chapter Five

### Portals of Initiation, Illumination and Discipline

Earnest seekers who long for their experience in God sometimes find an invisible block, because certain requirements have not been met which would clear the way. It may be the need for a change of attitude concerning *self*, God, one's relationships, or better self-government. Inharmony will be gradually moved out, the best is to get out of the emotional arena. Every individual has a vital part in the drama of involution and evolution. There is for all a purpose, loving labor and a task. Life is made of changes and we must change to evolve.

Illumination occurs through the Initiatory Light. It is an experience no man can confer upon another, since it is received by Grace and through sincere self-surrender to God. You may throw away your diplomas that come through the mail, they do no more than feed the ego and deceive the soul. *x Jesus Christ*

Now, to go to the altar and accept your Lord is an act of faith, devoid of the blessing, unless you go home and *live* the life. Whether you believe in the water, the wafer or the wallop — makes no difference. It's but an outer expression of what you believe. And when the good parson gives the "call" and laments how much he loves you, you may be certain his tears are for himself!

No one loves the soul but God and only because *He* loves it, can soul love Him. The True Call is of His Spirit. The prophets of old had no Bible, but heard the Word, the Holy Sound, that summoned them to initiation and gave it.

Lack of spiritual discipline explains why we suffer, while we are apparently doing so much good. We cannot serve God and indulge in carnal pleasures at the same time, or worry what people might think or say about us. The Law of the Lord demands honesty in every department of life and your undivided loyalty. Often the sin-



cere seeker is tested like steel in the fire, to prepare him for higher initiations into the Light. Enlightenment is granted by measure and degree as each can absorb, and never all at once.

Superimposed tests can be so severe, the devotee of God fears to turn to the Light that is his stronghold. All props may suddenly disappear, loved ones and friends turn away. To reach out to share your grief meets with deaf ears — but it is a manifestation of *Grace* and the point where the solitary path begins.

The devotee may be pushed out of the work that means more to him than life, while he sees others less dedicated going full steam. This limbo may last for days, months, even years, which offers the opportunity to re-evaluate one's life and to serve God in a quiet manner. Thus it is realized that there are no accomplishments, only expressions of God.

As the disciple's value system gets a face lift, he can prove the love he bears for God. This is also a time for deep attunement to the Guiding Force, that aids the seeker in every way. As he foregoes self-pity and continues to use his time to the fullest extent, finer unfoldment becomes evident. Inactivity does not exist, for there is action in *inaction*. The devotee must fully trust the Invisible Lord, Who will open new doors when the pupil is ready.

There is no easy way to God. In dread of sudden self-awareness some take a few stiff drinks to face the new picture, the personality can no longer hide; but self-acknowledgement must be faced sooner or later. To explore the Great Beyond without self-control and a sound spiritual foundation means to entertain the dangers of the Unknown. The ambitious personality will read oceans of "how-to" books to contact the Force, but fails to see it is already within him and available through self-surrender. Not too many appreciate the sacrifice and discipline that make the soul a fitting vessel of God. Yes, God is already within you, but is He happy and comfortable with what goes on?

During periods of regeneration the candidate for initiation can feel forsaken. While his prayer is heard, God keeps silent. Stripped of all he held dear and down to less than bare necessities, the naked soul stands like a dried up weed under its own comforting Light. Now and then Its luminosity gives strength and peace, but

testing resumes. Probed and tried to the core in the Fires of Love, he will finally agree and consent: "*Whatever Thy Will, Father; so be it also mine!*"

It is a long way to initiateship, adeptship and Masterhood Consciousness, which all who desire it may eventually attain. There are many levels of initiation, each time a greater amount of spiritual power is received, the burdens in your world become heavier to keep balance human and divine; and each time a new level of consciousness is entered there is another ahead to be scaled and conquered.

Surrender to God is not a one time act, but you go back giving up self, time and again, for to live in spiritual consciousness requires a steadfast commitment. "*Whatever Thy Will, Father, so be it also mine!*" Only then will the talons of Love loosen their grip and let go. The dark nights of soul will test you to the last and affect everyone differently. But you may be certain, that after their culmination and when you faithfully endured, the personal "I" will have disappeared into the *Impersonal "I-ness"* of God, for the *son* and Spirit of the Father have united as *One*, and His Grace sufficient for every other encounter.

### *Catacombs of Darkness*

My own dark nights were like endless catacombs with no visible light in sight. I nearly died. Though I loved God truly, for months on end I wished it would be over, and felt as though I had wrestled with an Angel, perhaps a devil, in the grip of a strange force ripping through me as though it tried to scoop the life out of me. These vicious assaults that even assailed my dreams left me depleted, helpless, utterly forsaken and worse, in retrospect of the work the Force of God delivered through me I felt it was of no worth. I had traveled far, taught and healed, listened intently to the slightest inner commands of God and followed them with as much precision as I knew; but all came to a screeching halt, without notice or evident cause.

When it began, I turned the faces of my holy company against the wall, and avowed to be done with it all. And maybe the preacher's infernal sermons had a point, that we're all going to the



devil anyway, as his sharp dialogue went snipety-snip over everyone's spiritual coiffeur. Fair friends quipped I just didn't want to help myself and that they couldn't understand my poverty, if indeed the Lord had a Hand in my life; which was just another lash I hardly felt in comparison of what went on. I could always tell a good christian by the unchristian things they would say and do; a prayer on their lips, a drink in their hand, gossip, slander and greed was the order of their day.

Persons would still call for help, from here and abroad, after which I almost passed out cold. But the weaker the vessel, the greater would be His manifesting miracles. The assaults continued even during the small space of sleep heaven allowed me. Though man is only the vessel of Divine Love, little do people know of what it requires and entails to be the conduit.

As the Masters on High get tired of their whining disciples, I saw no utility in asking for further help. I knew God was aware of the havoc, that He heard all and saw all, and if He didn't care enough, why should I? I would pen down my resignation and live as everyone else, just to end the agony. That was my state of mind! But then again, I would revert my hostilities to submission, lay face down on the floor and would consecrate myself to God again and again, just in case there was still some use. If not, I asked to be taken to heaven or hell, whichever came first no longer mattered — I already stood at the mount of both! But God answered; and flashing from my inner depth came a clear reply: "Trust in the Lord!" "What Lord!" I snapped back — when luminous white mist filled my room and the Radiant Master stood before me — or perhaps I was caught up in His Light. It lasted only a few split seconds and invoked remorse for the outbursts of my littleness. I hastily dabbed the tears from my face profound stability infilled my whole being. The nights of terror lessened and soon diminished. Love had overshadowed the ordeal.

I've met persons who had similar experiences, who turned away, and I can't say I blame them. The Way to God is difficult indeed, but the Love of God delivers, and Love does find a way, until it claims all of our devotion, loyalty and affection. And for

this Love we live and die again and again, until heart and soul know only God.

The Eighteenth Century clergyman, Phillip Brooks, referred to it in this way:

"Slowly, through all the universe that Temple of God is being built, where in any world a soul by free-willed obedience catches the fire of God's likeness, when in your heart fight, in your tiresome drudgery or in your terrible temptation you catch the purpose of your being and give yourself to God, and so give Him a chance to give Himself to you, your life, a living stone is taken up and set into a growing wall. Wherever souls are tried and ripened in whatever common place or homely ways, there God is hewing out the Pillars of His Temple."

### *The Overshadowing Master*

Experience remains our best teacher. As we walk through the shadows of purification we may not always recognize the Guiding Presence of Him who promised: "*I will never leave thee!*" Though the Master's Love surrounds us, He does not avert what by necessity we must encounter, nor does He interfere with His pupil's rebellion which brings out the worst in him. Trust and inner strength must win out before progress can continue.

The candidate for initiation is given many opportunities to overcome his fruitless ambitions, sense of personal power, irritations, and misuse of power entrusted to him. It is a very solitary path, where inner impulses are censored by the soul and the way shown by which to bring spiritual activities into balance with everyday life. He does not give up one life to live another but lives in the harmony of both. For what good is spirituality if it does not benefit and express in your everyday life?

Along the tedious process of regeneration one begins to realize his first stages of Godhood. Nerves become sensitized and tensed like strings on a zither to make the devotee a clearer receiving station for Divine Instructions and the spirit clean, tried and true. Only then is the vessel a fitting instrument of Spirit and ready to receive the finer frequencies of the Light, that points the Wand to the carrying out of many exacting tasks.



### *Initiatory Energies*

Since Planetary servers and Groups who work through awakened souls on earth receive their initiatory force and voltage from higher Solar Powers, we can readily see why the sensitive soul feels the downpouring force as overpowering, when even the slightest impact of energy forms descend on him without notice and throw him temporarily off balance. (See *Golden Triangles, Chapter 3*). By gaining control of the emotional self these can be more comfortably endured. Initiatory energies are disbursed by the Lord of Light, by the Solar Logoi and the Masters of Inner Courts in charge of conscious and superconscious life, who initiate those who are ready for service. Initiation is the hook up to the Force of God and the first step to infinite liberation.

The initiate quickly learns that the only way to serve God is to serve Him through man and in creation. He realizes the necessity to turn to inner quietude and daily contemplation.

After initiation fanatic notions and prejudices that were formerly a religious game lose attraction. The twice-born no longer tries to outwit God, for there is no bargaining power left nor anything that would exalt the personal ego. Human reasoning steps aside to Divine Intelligence to receive the infiltration of the Force that does not deviate from perfection and remains untouched by the elements of corruption. The initiate knows any impure approach will deny the answer, may in fact rebound. In this state of Omnipresence there is no phenomenon, psychism, or clairvoyance, only the realization of what *is*. The Whiteness of Light and clearness of the Divine Sound now do Its own bidding through the initiate and the Wand of the Word points to Perfection.

### *The Clear White Light of Illumination*

The seeker will experience minor and major illuminations. Illumination into the Light feels like the sunburst of a gigantic crystal begins to melt into the spiritual eye. It appears unsummoned. At times the brilliant force pulls the soul into Its vacuum, into spheres ablaze with showers of shining, soothing electrodes and then into the sunlit reaches of Divine Life, where soul stands as a prophet on the summit of the Mountain of Light and sees into

universes below. After this initial baptism the Light reappears to your inner vision daily. It comforts, enlightens and begins to direct your daily life. The seal of royalty lost of long ago is re-established in the initiate's forehead. To see to a radius of 360° will not be unusual, it's the natural ability of soul.

When you see flashes or dots of different colors, it does not mean you have less of the Light, but that this is all you can absorb for that time and greater Light shall follow. Your vision is always protected. Once when I closed my eyes, the brilliant Light was already present, as the impact seemed to affect my breath, I asked if it would let up; on which It receded and reappeared, gradually increasing again to the same brilliant strength. The Holy Spirit protects and guards you constantly, you are never alone.

Slowly the mystery of the Great Beyond is unveiled. Initiation enlightens and rejuvenates you to become a co-worker with God, but it is up to the personal self to outgrow human emotions, lawlessness and passions, by cultivating the virtues of detachment, charity, impersonal loving and through daily attunement to the Heavenly Lord. Having braved the storms, the initiate's unfoldment is not to his glory, but becomes an added Jewel in the Crown of the Lord who granted it.

Testing forces are permitted to harass the initiate. These dark creations of the personal self will try to pervert the most loving soul to serve their lowly purposes. They come in many guise and through persons placed in your path. They distract from the Way to God by throwing conflict and poverty like a monkey wrench into the works. There are other deterrents that hinder unfoldment and we should discern between proper and harmful associations.

### *The Sheep and the Goats*

A person can be psychic and not be spiritual, but true spirituality brings forth the gifts of God. Though of *One Power*, lower psychism is the use of energy that manipulates, separates, conjures up<sup>e</sup>— and binds. In lesser form it employs entities as controlling elements and much more. Spirituality makes conscious contact with the Force through out-of-body awareness, by which it

*the soul becomes aware*



brings back what the soul record reveals and never without the permission of the other person.

Spirituality sets free, heals and sees what *is*. It does not counsel or direct unless it is for the purpose of God-Realization. It does not bind by dogma, cult, creed or thought. Let us discern what energy we are chaining. When questioning the Spirit within, the Guardian softly replied:

"Seek not what lies beneath the veil of other lives, but that beneath thine own. Glean beyond the mists — and beyond that! What ye now see, is a mere shadow of truth in the twilight of external life. Place a new wick in thy lantern, My Scribe, that the oil that is blessed remain pure; that a new flame flare up and not die down, for such is the Light of Truth. Follow that Light. Align thyself to the Spirit of Alaya to find what lies beyond the confines of form. Aye, I say, *beyond* thy consciousness. Such is right practice!" And the Voice fell silent.

The way we use our energy defiles or resurrects our lifestream. Psychism proves a usable power exists, but does nothing to liberate the soul, since it belongs to lower worlds. What good are our gifts if they benefit no one? There must be spiritual gain to everyone receiving service.

Individuals devoid of Grace become willing vehicles of spirit obsession and possession. When the Indwelling Presence is veiled, inner centers open, spirit controls take over and the practitioner begins to march to the beat of a different drummer. Only too late is the enormity of retaliations recognized. Psychic energy flows outward, spiritual energies ascend inward, and when spirituality lacks, higher forces turn away. Most exorcisms serve no one, because the practitioner uses his personal will to drive out the entity, that in matter of hours or days turns right around and slips back into the body. But when you take "no thought" and release the condition to the Spirit of God, It will take care of it.

The prophets of old blessed mankind, while those who would bless and blast were burned at the stake, which points to the difference between the practices. To this day the media frowns on spiritualism, since people cannot define between the right use of energy and charlatanism. The word spiritualist refers to one who is

spiritual and practices what he believes. This word also applies to Christians and every devout pray-er. There is as much inharmony between metaphysicians as there is among churches and beliefs, though there is only *One God* and one Light for all people.

Power plays and competition are a sad trip. Each claims a trademark of sorts on saints and their teachings that were free to man eons ago and each offers the one and *only* way, because they have nothing else to forge after. They will oppose and scrutinize anything indigestible to their understanding. When you know God, you will have no need to point to the teachings of others, "I say" will be enough.

The initiate knows unholy practices are forbidden. His powers are not found in manipulations but in releasing to Spirit. He has no need to rob others of self-esteem, nor to prove his worth. The creativity within him infills others with vitality and delight when they come into his presence. He holds no exalted position and does not draw his energy from the psychic sea, but from the deep Wells of Truth and Light through daily contemplation.

There is an air of calmness and quiet efficiency about him that sets him apart from others, for the quality of love, compassion and spiritual honesty are everpresent. The Living Spirit urges him on to render his work in excellence, no matter what, that love and service would be brought forth in purest form. And so it is.

### *Old Gertrude*

I frequented mediums since early childhood, the subject captured my interest and "Gertrude" was so special. While others played after school, I would run to the local convent where the sisters would take me to pay my respect to the bedridden and dying, who occupied the back wing of the almost ancient establishment.

My favorite nun who looked like a saint would often comment: "My Dear, you must not rush off, stay with me for a while, you might be helping us some day, you know!" Then she reluctantly let go of my hand. I could still feel her warm smile trail after me as I ran down the broad stone steps and heard the creak of the massive cloister doors closing behind me. As much as I loved sister



Veronica, I couldn't very well tell her I was on my way to see Gertrude, the old woman who read palms and tea leaves. She was the sweetest thing I knew on earth and possessed the love my mother never knew. Just to be around Gertrude lifted my spirit, even if she never said a word.

Ah, yes, on tippy toes I would knock on her window or jingle the door chime until I heard the clonking of Gertrude's old slippers, as she shuffled to the door to let me in; she never believed in "hello" or farewell. Her home seemed palatial, its decor was of early Victorian elegance, permeated by mystery. You could sense presences stepping out of the woodwork, coming down from the walls, and the ears on the wall must have been Gertrude's, as now and then she answered the unspoken questions of unseen guests.

A fine Dresden chandelier hung low from the ceiling like dripping confections, it often flickered as touched by a magic wand and every so often a scent of sandlewood would mingle with the Perfume of Spirit. Dear Gertrude looked older than her antiques, especially on that day when she pulled her white knitted shawl closer around her bony shoulders and dropped her granny glasses to the tip of her nose, as she peered at me and sniffed:

"Come here you skinny thing, look into the bottom of this cup and tell me what the tea leaves show you!"

"Why Gertrude! You're supposed to tell *me*!" I replied. Tea leaves? I saw no tea leaves, but rather a strange new world unfolding before me, where people laughed, sang and amused themselves. I was among the misty clouds of a strangely beautiful country, beholding every activity and for a few moments walked among its citizens. When Gertrude poked her thin finger into my ribs, I snapped out of my daydreams with a jolt; still half entranced I told her what I had witnessed. Gertrude cleared her raspy throat: "Well, well, it looks like you'll be able to read grinds and brew now?" And so I did, but from a different perspective and higher dimension.

## Chapter Six

### The Realization of God Through Soul Travel

Out-of-body consciousness proves to us that the sky and earth are symbols of creation and reflections of Divine Life. The Worlds of God are your true Home. When you leave your physical body at will and see your outer form laying on the bed or sitting slumped in the old chair, you readily see that you are not the body, the joy, pain or emotion, but the *soul*, and, there is nothing left to be *saved*, except to bring the personality into submission to God. Conscious separation from the body is the way to realize God and to spiritual liberation.

Even though fearful hearts may not try to set foot on the Golden Way, the Finger of God plucks them up and allows them to enter the Royal Regions of Spirit; often because of their sheer devotion, self-abnegation and love. Soul travel is for children of all ages, since it is a natural part of your being and part of living on earth.

The unbeliever says: you can throw it to the winds, and no explanation will suffice, but to those who tried and succeeded, no convincing is necessary. Unless you can prove it to yourself, you shall never know how free you can be.

Leaving the body heals the physical form, prolongs your life, sharpens inner perception and permits you to experience the wonders of worlds beyond. Soul travel is not an escape from reality, but leads out of illusion into Truth. It enables you to live more fully and has only *one* purpose: *God Realization*.

Soul travel is simple, the mind makes it difficult. As in daily life you shift your attention from place to place and from project to project without effort *outwardly*, in soul travel it is done *inwardly*. By a shift of consciousness (or attention) you lift from one plateau to the next, or it may seem to you this way, because you are moving through time and space. As you go on the scenery changes,



and the places you enter will be familiar, as they are your homeland and you have been there many times.

When you realize the heaven worlds are your life and home, soul travel will be no longer a mystery or problem. But you must *want* and really desire to go before it becomes possible. At first you may experience a slight spinning sensation, feel yourself shrinking to a dot or expanding to great proportion, which is rather a free, airy feeling and natural, because your inner bodies are regaining their elasticity and soon you will do what comes naturally. In the same way, if you don't exercise the mind and the body, the mind becomes dull and the body sluggish. Body, mind and spirit should be kept in good form.

In my experience I hear a repeated soft clicking, like the sound of a camera taking pictures. Next I enter a plane of great peace or enter directly into sunlit lands and move on with the Master. You are protected and never alone.

Right after you cross earth borders and move to higher altitudes, being you are still in lower world dimensions you will feel like you just stepped onto a great plateau, unless you continue traveling with the Master to other kingdoms and you only feel a slight motion, but it's still similar. You already know the sensation of adjusting to stable ground after a long journey by car, airship, boat or train, when the motion suddenly stops. Sometimes you feel you are still on the go, but you are not. Soul travel is much the same. Soul Itself is stable, because God is stable, so soul does not move, only the apparatus by the means employed. In soul travel there is motion, movement and a place to rest, and contrary to the earth world there is freedom, sweet freedom *everywhere!* It's only a simple matter to become acclimatized and you master it in no time.

Traveling to Worlds Beyond you are fully cognizant, even as you are fully awake and aware when you walk down the street or drive your car, you are not asleep, but *conscious*. Now, if you fall asleep at the wheel, you may wreck your car and maybe yourself. If you fall asleep on the Other Side, you keep dreaming and the dream itself brings you back into the body. It's much safer Over-there than here!

While soul traveling you always know exactly where you are, to get lost is impossible, because God is the Prime Mover of your movements and actions. Now, can the baby in the womb lose directions? You are always in the Womb of God, now and forever, nothing can be more secure. Only fear and self-doubt can stop and deprive you of wonderful inner experiences. It's all a matter of attitude. God does not want anyone to come to Him who does not trust His Spirit enough to take the journey.

Out of body consciousness is the way to rebirth and spiritual being. No one should attempt soul travel unless mind and heart are under harmonious influences, otherwise problems can arise. In-harmony, gossip, slander and treachery must be rooted out of one's character. Irritations lead into psychic traps. God is Love and Protection, but the same Power that shields will turn on him who would nefariously abuse it. Soul travel is the crowning grace of every true spiritual practice. When the divine experience occurs prematurely it will change the person's life, but bilocation, soul travel and total Soul Awareness are not the same.

### *Projection through Accident*

A friend gave account of an auto accident, she says: "I felt the collision and found myself out-of-body, then I saw a police cruiser pull up and the ambulance attendant getting out a stretcher, he bent over my body. Standing only a few feet from the wreckage I felt so good, free and unafraid. My other body now on the stretcher bled profusely from the head and afterwards my skull gave me much pain. But it was worth the experience because I now know I'm two things, one is alive, the other is something I seem to wear and this I know, I will never be afraid of death again.

### *Out of Body — Meeting the Being of Light*

Once I went off in a <sup>huff</sup> on a grand journey of discovery, so I believed. Since my excursions to Worlds Beyond were happy ones, as far as I knew I went alone. Out there in wonderful sunlit lands I felt neither worry nor care. Suddenly a Master in white of colossal stature appeared before me. Though the benevolent being came to help me, I shivered in fright. The mighty son of God stood tall as a



tower, to say the least, and pointed out telepathetically that I was heading into disastrous directions.

I was small as Tom Thumb, in view of His enormous countenance, and frightened. His light-blue eyes bored straight through me, there was no smile in His stern gaze, that ran through me hot and cold. I can still see the happening before me; those incredible eyes! Unsure of who he was filled me with more terror. So I gathered up all the mental power I could muster, and rayed out indignantly: "Get behind me, evil one!" After which, of course, I swiftly re-entered my body. It wasn't too pleasant!

I've regretted my outburst many times, for the being in white became my unfailing protector and faithful guardian of many journeys to worlds beyond, and hellbound tours, I shall share with you in later chapters. And I said to myself: you just never know where, or under what conditions you meet a true friend. Shortly thereafter I tried to make concessions, but instead the Master's voice resounded from within, that what I thought to be evil, was my own darkness which could not endure the light and became my misplaced fear of Him, Who ever since covered my life with a canopy of blessings.

### *Spontaneous Projection*

At age four, I lay sick in bed in the middle of a large, high ceiling room, in my family's mansion house; a room proper enough for the dying. The dimmers on the crystal chandeliers were turned low, and the drapes were drawn to make me more comfortable. Suddenly a brilliant light encompassed me and lit up my twilight.

I found myself out-of-body hanging like an ornament near the ceiling. From this lofty position I clearly saw the darkened room beneath, around me all was light and bright. I was all eyes and didn't seem to have a body. Looking down on my other self lying on the bed I beheld the sorrowful expression on Mama's face, heard my relatives weeping, who cared less otherwise, and saw the doctor holding his stethoscope to my chest, shaking his head.

I felt profound compassion for the sad crowd and marvelled their concern since I never felt better in my life. Then, by a soft thump I re-entered my body, the fever broke and I soon recovered.

To be out-of-body gave me such an enormous feeling of freedom I tried again to leave it at will, projecting myself to the same spot on the ceiling but didn't get farther than midair, at least for that time. Later on I became adept in the practice, anything of joy was never difficult to do. But it was different when the Inner Teacher would take me to His worlds and required no effort.

It's surprising what our outer form looks like once we transcend it and look back. Suffering a painful sunburn from dozing off by the pool, I left the body to lessen the pain. Looking back to it my other form was spongy, unattractive, and blown out-of-proportion. While in spirit we realize the impermanence of physical life and that we *are* the soul. Soul journeys are elating and wonderful, but some who speak of soul travel have yet to cross the threshold of their own front door. And even though I share my innate experiences with you, my Friend, you will only know whether or not it is true, when you try it and prove it to yourself.

Techniques to out-of-body movement prepare us to receive a greater measure of self-realization and along the way you will probably make up your own, as I did when I tried to project myself back to the ceiling in the sick room. It's of little importance whether you project yourself to the top of the door, or to a twig of a tree in your front yard, just so long as you get used to moving about freely in soul.

### *A Simple Technique*

1. Sit quietly and upright in a chair. Place your feet flat on the floor and let your hands rest in your lap. If more comfortable, lay on your bed without a pillow. Close your eyes, take a few cleansing breath, inhale and exhale normally without strain.
2. For a moment, center your attention on the screen of your mind, the space between your eyebrows, and envision a luminous formation of Light. See its radiance infill every part of your being and forming a large circle around you, that becomes your protective shield.
3. Slowly open your eyes. You will notice the warm infusion of heavenly light and feel very restful. Now look



to the opposite wall of your room, or to the top of the door, to whatever place you selected to project yourself.

4. Quickly turn around, and you will see your body sitting in the chair or lying on your bed, whichever place you choose at the beginning of your technique. Now *walk away* and enjoy your freedom. Energy follows thought. You quickly return to the body as soon as you think yourself back.

While out-of-body, everything will look sunnier, brighter, and clearer, for now you *truly* see and experience life in every wonderful phase. Always give thanks!

Over the years I never knew of a technique that would 'get things done', because no matter what is given there is always that missing link each must find within himself. Through practical alignment to God and a sane, workable method you discover the Great Way and are taught directly by Spirit. I've met persons with incredible spiritual abilities who never read a book on the subject, because there is a radiant line of communication within all of us and every soul knows to tap it by instinct. Its Wisdom is not written on parchments but dwells in the heart of soul. Rational intellect is useless to spiritual seeking.

Freedom of spirit is entered through God Realization. But Self-Awareness differs from self-acknowledgement, for the first is of Spirit, the other of the personality.

In our walks out of doors, nature resounds to us expressions of Love and wordless teachings come to us out of nowhere. They sing from the tree, the bush, the air, through the wind in a language only soul understands. Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote: "Every bush aflame . . . earth's crammed with heaven, but only he who sees takes off his shoes."

Nature hides Its Secrets in soul, Its Love can be found by all. When still a child, I used to disappear to my old haunt in the woods, to an old obscure, abandoned cottage to be alone, to pray, and to listen to the windsong rustling through trees. The confusion of others bore down on my happiness, but out there in the woods there was heavenly peace. I could experience God wandering off

to magical places in the Unseen, or I would sit quietly and wait for my guests and celestial visitors to appear. When I didn't see the living forms of strange persons dressed in all sorts of costumes, I beheld luminous angelic radiances that often disappeared before my eyes before I could catch their whole likeness. I fondly remember those days and found nothing more endearing than talking to wild rabbits and birds, and heard many a funny tale. I knew their thoughts and they knew mine.

Eventually all souls reawaken to God. The time arrives when chipping away at the edges can no longer suffice and we begin to search out the core of things and find the Root of all Truth. To leave the physical form at will and enter realities beyond time and space discards every question mark concerning the afterlife, since you experience it firsthand. The fear of the Unknown and death dissolve when you realize the center of soul is God and God is *You*.

### *Undue Attachments*

Dreading to leave the body points to the fear of death. Soul travel removes all fear. A person attached to material things will not easily leave the body, for leaving belongings behind would be unthinkable, and he might be dead for all he knows! But the little traveler who lives in detachment finds the experience a restful state, by which he obtains insights that help him control the conditions in his world. The humble soul finds its way quickly to God, for it knows in God is no fear, the divine realization is not always an overwhelming experience. To some it is a quiet assurance of an all-abiding Presence and the traveler quietly ascends to picturesque heavenly settings without effort or strain. Such individuals express more courage and goodness in their lives than most who claim initiatory Grace.

### *Soul Travel and Healing*

Shining broadly, soul travel points out the narrow way. Once out-of-body we find no rendezvous with death, but life, love, joy, and mental stability. Vibrations of worldly evil created the spiritual



darkness that lay across lower planes, causing man untold pain, but we may become free if we choose!

Life becomes filled with sunshine and supercharged with goodness and good will when the Spirit of God is upon us and we walk in Its Way. Although the subject of soul travel creates some controversy, it is the way out from within. People only fear what they do not understand, and most who berate the subject — as some who teach it, do not know the difference between perception and conscious experience. We would do well to cease wending our way through life and know where we are going.

### *Lesser Kingdoms*

Out-of-body healing brings great benefit to man and creature, for when you are separated from the form you are in God and there are no mistakes. Attuned to the Holy Sound you realize the preciousness of life in every form, for every form is imbued with life. Even a stone expands after many cycles and when you listen closely, you will notice it gives off sounds and living vibrations. Mineral life, plant, earth, fire, air and water kingdoms are overshadowed and attended by Intelligences that care of them and aid their progression.

Animals endure karmas as do human beings and are given the same opportunity to rise above their lower state into conscious unfoldment. For example: the beast evolves to a domestic animal, and in each lifetime it shall advance better than in the last.

On journeys to astral habitations, I was surprised when a big dog spoke to me through thought impressions of the hurts and woes assailing its fellows on earth. I can still see its large, pleading eyes. Strange, I thought, the love and caring one short impression conveyed. No thought nor word is lost and comes to fruition. The thought vibrations of God's little ones now in the invisible, are perceived by those who lovingly care for animals on earth, unaware of it as persons maybe. This is how groups are formed for the protection of animals, through loving energy from above, manifesting below.

Animals are intuitive to a great degree and seek to protect those they loved on earth. Our beloved pets often revisit us in

their spirit bodies. Driving along the highway I felt the brush of two persian cats that were mine of long ago. They stayed with me in the car, purring and talking away, until I safely arrived home.

While on tour in New Orleans, a bird pecked on the glass-sliding door. When I let it in, it sat on my hand and chirped. I felt a love no human can give. The way we rule lesser kingdoms, we are ruled by the forces that guide our destiny. Saint Francis called the birds his "little sisters" and preached to them in the fields. And the birds sat very still and listened to what he had to say, and wouldn't leave until he gave them a blessing. One time he rescued a swarm of white doves from being shot down, and after building them individual nests, he admonished their carelessness to have placed themselves in such a predicament.

Saint Godric, the hermit who lived in 1170, built a hermitage in a forest near Durham, England, where every sort of wild animals were his companions and looked to him for food and protection from man. You might wonder how this fits into our subject of soul travel, but unless man is regenerated on every level of consciousness, soul cannot enter the Kingdom of God.

The energy of all you feel, think and do registers on the filaments of soul and holds you accountable. We cannot close our eyes and ears to outcrying animals that suffer under bestial human conditions. Under the capriciousness of genetic engineering — and to feed the malignant vice of human vanity, their eyes sting and their bodies ache from laboratory experiments.

Injecting animals for the monetary gain of the meat market, in turn affects and infects the blood and tissues of the human body, manifesting illness and premature death. Animals fear as do humans, their heart beats the same. Man commits sodomy, brutalizes and torments their bodies and expects Mercy when his vulgar energy finds him again.

I once lived in a place where a dog down the hall whimpered in agony every day. It was evident the law wouldn't do anything about it. At last resort I knelt down, projected a strong beam of energy to the man's apartment and *demand*ed help from Above to free the little dog. No more than my feat was accomplished, the door opened and the man threw the animal about ten feet down the



hallway. It landed almost exactly in front of my door. As he snapped his finger, the poor dog wiggled its tail and ran after him. It teaches us another lesson: animals are more forgiving than human beings.

People who act like animals return to this state and form after death, to experience the pain they inflicted on God's helpless ones. Whether this will mean the wretched entity will live for months on end in a hot, unsanitary kennel, or is whipped and sodomized by a sex pervert, or ends up compressed alive in an incinerator, the Law of God does not err and has no mercy.

There are no limits to what the devilish mind concocts and a river of tears shall not wash away the stain. It is blotted out by the blood of the carnal self. Much more could be said.

Your pet enters heaven, you know; it has a soul and is loved by God. Some animals are more human, loving and worthy than man, and become divinely endowed as the monad of form enters a body to move Godward. When you claim a person acts like an animal or an animal acts human, you have touched upon a great Truth.

The Law of God goes beyond loving your neighbor, it means loving your animal(s) as well. In a manner of caring and as a matter-of-fact, would you like sleeping on soiled bedding and eat from unwashed dishes? Or walk around half starved, unkept and unloved like a stray — and whimper tied to a tree, rain, snow and shine? Neither does your animal. You must speak up for God's creatures who cannot defend themselves nor act in their own behalf. Many die a slow, painful death. You *can* make a difference!

### *Healing Out of Body*

Since the technique of transcending the body is purely spiritual, human, plant, animal, fields and earth respond to healing while you are in the conscious out-of-body state. All needs can be met.

A couple of years ago I received an interesting letter from a woman who asked healing for her livestock. Now, this was different, I thought, because it was not my usual practice since not too many people asked healing for their animals. Along with her letter she enclosed a picture of her whole herd of cattle. The moment I touched the photos, I translated into my light body and

began the silent work. Not long thereafter I received a letter from the woman, stating the following

*"Two of my Guernsey cows sometimes get a notion to get mad when it comes to catching the milk. Once in a while one would froth at the mouth like a mad dog, kneel down and snort like a wild animal. Her eyes would get red and shiny from rage and I called my cows Crazy, Dizzy, and Freaky Freddy. One of them got a notion to chase the other around the barn and all around the yard, it worried me. I've never seen anything like it before. As soon as I called you, Dr. Poe, they calmed down and we had no problem mating them. Hur-ray for God! Then I called for your help again, because my cows had problems nursing the calves. Blood ran into the milk and the babies wouldn't drink it. Shortly after, the bags were healed up, this is after I called you the second time.*

*Also, God bless you for helping me in the outbreak of hoofrot in my cattle last winter, and, because of the deep snow, the squeeze shoot was snowed in, where we couldn't get to it to handle the stock. Nobody was good enough to help us catch ropes to do anything. Shortly after I called you the hoofrot was arrested.*

Praise God! Thankfully;  
Mrs. L., Columbia Falls, Montana.

### *The Healing of "Fifi"*

It was late evening when I heard anxious knocking on my door and wondered who would call at that hour. A weeping woman entered. She held her little French poodle cuddled up in a blanket, only its infected eyes and pink ribbons were visible. In empathy I brushed over its head and damp, matted fur and had my doubts that it would even survive a healing. It could barely stand up and wobbled since it had lost its equilibrium, and Fifi was almost blind.

I learned the poodle had not eaten for several days and the woman bemoaned that Fifi would have to be put to sleep the next morning, since the appointment was set to end the painful conditions, and she cried out: "Only God can save Fifi now!" I inwardly



agreed and laid poor Fifi on its blanket before my altar and proceeded with healing.

Soon I felt an interchange of energy currents and Fifi's aura grew colorful and bright. Slowly its legs stretched straight out and the poodle looked unconscious. Frankly, I thought it was dead. My thoughts rayed inward: "God, how must I continue? Have you taken this little spirit home?" And the answer came: "Set the water two feet away from the head, call the spirit by name, command it to arise." And so it did. Fifi began to stir around, picked herself up, stood on her feet, sniffed into the air, leaped to the bowl of holy water and slurped it to the bottom. Then she really stretched her limbs, yawned as though it woke up from a sleep, ruffled her fur, shook the little body briskly and wagging the button of a tail jumped up to her master.

Fifi remained healed, the lady reported that it developed such an appetite it had to be restrained from such gluttonous behavior. And I was thankful.

### *Charlie the Sparrow*

Ah yes, this reminds me of Charlie, my little feathered friend, the baby sparrow with only one white feather in its once bushy tail, since his companions had plucked out the rest.

A humming sound in my ear prompted me to look out to the terrace where the little bird leaned against the wall, dying. Its matted feathers looked pitiful and its tiny eyes were rolled back into its head; little deposits running out of both ends, it seemed Charlie's chirping was just about over.

I said a short energetic prayer and since it was too cold out on the terrace, I left my body to touch the bird directly, and then released it to God's care. Its greyish looking aura began to turn bright with a tint of blue and soon God's little one flapped its wings and flew away. But it didn't forget! When supplies ran low, Charlie was sure to find me and chirped and clamored at the window. It stayed around all year. I never understood why some grim earthling would feed a robin and shoot a sparrow . . . .

God's little ones depend on the Guardians of their own kingdoms, even as we depend on the Guardianship of Superior Forces. The following chapter shall bring us into their Reality.



## Chapter Seven

### Superior Forces Show the Way

Our scriptures consist of a library of books that are attestments of prophets and those who came after them, depicting their personal experiences in God and their journeys to worlds beyond. The book of Enoch, Esdras, Apocrypha and Maccabees are filled with colorful events that prove man's communication with God's Holy Messengers.

Wherever you find plant, man or creature, you find a part of heaven embodied and the nearness of the Divine Protector. Any time souls sincerely seek spiritual freedom, the invisible contact is made. When a Holy Presence is near you can perceive the lovely perfume of Spirit and warm, enveloping vibrations that infill the heart with gladness and deep joy.

Superior Forces aid our worthy endeavors. They shield us from needless harm and have averted tragedies not only for individuals but also for nations. They appear to us in visions and through manifestations, and commune with us on the level of consciousness to which we have aspired and evolved. At times we pick up a book and find the inspiration that makes contact. Our christian forefathers taught, that the goodness we experience through life is due to holy influences, that appear to erring souls and saints alike. I beheld Angels of Love healing the sick, met Angels of Death while praying for the dying and watched gossamer beings at work with Cosmic Forces in worlds where the planets are born.

Spiritual consciousness frees us from the pretense of the sense world. It enables us to see clearly through every presentation, condition, and through the motives of well-meaning mortals. In the illumined state we no longer see things as they appear, but for what they imply, mean and offer; for earth is the world *appearance*, whereas the God-realized state is accurately truthful. Here we also find, what people call love, is unrelated to Impersonal Love, since



mortal love adores appearance and sensation, and ignores what is hidden beneath.

### *Beings of Rank and Station in Spiritual Government*

The trademark of Divine Forces is Impersonality, Love, Wisdom, Power, Dominance and Liberty. Their directions lift us out of the trap of self-satisfaction and counsel us not to brush aside Divine Truth, if we are to continue to benefit from their guidances.

The Lord Jehovah, called Allah, and by many other names, is the Cocreator of the physical universe and world, but not the Lord of creation. The Lord Jehovah rules our world with negative power, because the physical world is on the negative pole of creation. His legions aid the regeneration of souls through obstacles and tribulations, each may overcome to find God. Since dark forces aid the evolution of man and species, they are neither to be worshipped nor shunned. Whatever happens to man is of his own making, no other force holds the blame, for man's deeds are the measure of his character, and his character is comprised of what he thinks and does. To every action there is a transference — a consequence of impediments, bondage or freedom of which we become aware, which we brought on ourself. Since the negative force constitutes the lesser self, we can understand why we must transcend it to regain our divinity. Whether dead or alive, you must leave the body to get back to God.

The Infinite Power, Our Creator, referred to as the Hidden, or Formless One, gives office to intelligences (which are Itself), that supervise the unlimited cosmos. From the lowest to the highest regions of universes and light systems, Supreme Intelligence is at work.

Visible and invisible beings serve to strengthen the chain of evolution and draw every ascending life wave into the Light. Human beings comprise only a small band in the enormous lifestream. Since we live within the Body of God, we are in heaven or hell here and now. We dwell in the exile of lower worlds, each a lone traveler. For some it is an unhappy journey, but one they were destined to make. Yet the goodness and loveliness of soul

trickles to the golden surface and guides us to know: God within us is our stronghold, we need not look for other help.

The Guiding Spirit of God manifests to us as the Radiant Light or Invisible Master, Who is no tour guide, but our Comforter, Wayshower and Liberator. To ask the Master to remove from you the toil and drudgery of regeneration He will not grant, for He is no crutch; but the Source of Wisdom, Strength and Enlightenment you may confidently follow. The very presence of High Light redeems the weary wanderer. He is the only *True Master* of every soul and the One all must come to.

The enormous company of world servers, Angels, Lords and Logois which hold post in spiritual government vary in rank and station, but the Servers of Higher Cosmos are yet more exalted.

### *Governing Beings*

The Lords who govern individual worlds, solar and light systems work under the Directorship of the Eternal Lord. In part these include the Logois, Solar Spirits, Solar Initiates, Judges of Inner Courts, Initiators, Lords of Karma, the Cosmis Brotherhood of Masters, Emissaries and myriads of Angelic Hosts and individualities that are beautiful and mighty. Angels of the Throne, Arch Angels, Seraphims, Cherubims, and other Enlighteners. Farther on you find Spiritual Travelers, and groups of Exalted beings, which keep the universes and worlds in running order.

As we unfold into greater enlightenment, we find that every kingdom has perfected beings that care for the evolutionary lifewaves. They include the kingdoms of water, fire, earth and air, the mineral, plant, nature and animal kingdoms, from the smallest to the largest species.

The lineage of divinities, principalities and servers include the Angels of Birth, Death, Karmic Angels, Angels of Destiny, Angels of the Divine Soul, radiant beings who serve their cause, and the much overlooked elementaries and elementals. It is quite an enormous picture. Though we should acknowledge these mighty beings, above all, we have need to get back to the Power Itself that gave us life.



Our small vesselship is so insignificant compared to the incredible service God's Shining Hosts deliver. As we live lovingly, selflessly and in spiritual peace, our light energy adds to the luster of creation and adds a pearl to its radiant crown.

Invisible Guardians come to us in quiet ways and watch over our progress. Each time a ray of their countenance falls into the soul, a new opportunity arises, a karmic burden becomes lighter and the vision of God grows clearer. Under Divine Inflections the heart drops its crusty veneer and the flickering soul light ignites to the flame of Love, Light, and Service. Somehow we get off the sickbed of self-pity to do, to dare, and enter the Way that leads back home to God.

Among the hosts of feminine esteem, Mary became the most deified, as the Pope canonized her "Mother of God". God does not have a mother, He is Mother and Father of all, the Cause, Principal of Life, Lifegiver and the *Immaculate One*, of which every soul is born. Jesus was conceived the natural way by His earthly mother and father. To be conceived in sin is a carnal concept. Since God provided the means of conception, would He call it sinful?

Every mother gives birth to a *royal* child. The seed in man is holy and blessed, for it brings forth the Diamond Soul. And out of the same Invisible Pleroma and Immaculate God Soul, the suns, moons, stars, galaxies, worlds and universes were born.

Of this said Meister Eckhart: "Mary is blessed, not because she born Christ bodily, but because she born Him spiritually, and in this everyone can become like her."

There comes a time when every soul cries out for its Mother, the Holy Spirit of God. It does so by instinct, for in the deep recesses of the self, the heart knows its True Mother is nowhere else to be found but in the Spirit of God; and Her Voice cries out through the wilderness of earth for the redemption of Her children — and She will be quick to answer their dire petitions.

### *The Virgin of Light*

It was a week before the earthquake that shook Mayesville, Kentucky to its roots in 1980, a woman would come for healing at

6:30 that evening. The schedule was filled to overflowing. I felt utterly spent and wondered how I would hold through for the remainder of the day. It was 4:30 that afternoon when I decided to take a break. Weary I lay across the bed and said: "God, give strength, I'm too tired to pray!" when I fell into twilight awareness and beheld a wondrous vision.

Before me unrolled a wide-spanned champagne sky and the manifestation of a constantly oscillating silver band that began to form into a large circle. It was unlike anything of silver I had ever seen, my eyes had to turn from the brilliance. Now appeared the Virgin of Light in the midst of the flickering silver band and She stood in the center of the great circle. She never spoke a word.

Her eyes seemed turned upward or inward, I could not tell. Her lily-white hands and delicate fingertips folded above waist level. A sculpture of great excellence could not duplicate Her ineffable beauty. The long gown flowed down soft and full, shone golden-white in contrast to the well-lit sky that had changed from champagne to rosy-beige luminosity that was a living, breathing color, permeated by sounds of distant melodies. Her garment was held together at midriff by a plain gold cordellier adorned with formations of tiny rosebuds.

Her face is most difficult to describe, even to compliment it fairly would be amiss. But I'll try. Her fine features were in most perfect proportions, the skin most fair; lips nose, eyes, cheeks and brows were classic, only the Divine Lord can form such perfection. Her face resembled that of a fine rococo figurine from another era, but was much more beautiful.

Around and above her royal head appeared tiny stars of bright energy, that poured down such brilliance it concealed the crown of her otherwise dark hair. She was the epitome of womanhood. This silent, privileged moment in her presence struck a magical note within me, so much, I wanted to go with her wherever that should be. A love beyond words diffused the whole atmosphere, and then, a diamond-like spray of light trailed after her like a soft, long veil, and she was gone.



I felt the high charging of heavenly love, and needless to say, the incurable person who came in just moments later, was completely and permanently healed.

Such are blessings of Superior Forces.

## Chapter Eight

### Light and Shadow, Man's Dual Self

Man is the supreme creation of God, endowed with all the creative power that would make his world a wonderful one. But the angel-self that would bring it about retreats, when the shadow goes on the warpath. There is no devil more wantonly cruel than the personal one. The battle between good and evil persists within, regardless of the calm exterior displayed — and the Light seeks to win out.

Over the centuries man proved his excellence to do good, also his ability to hate, covet and kill. It began with the Adamic Race, when God endowed man with the spark of divinity and gave him the faculty of mind and reason. While in the beginning man lived as a brute by instinct, now he could think for himself and use his intellect to manipulate his world to his liking, but he is no better off, for too often he confuses ruthlessness with strength.

Evil does not rule its earthly empire altogether. Each time an era draws to a close, evil is blotted out from the face of the earth, to make room for a purer race, or perhaps for one more destructive. As seen from higher dimensions, earth is a better part of the nether worlds, where some inhabitants live in the pits, while other occupy better quarters.

Our christian forefathers lived more fully and nobly than is demonstrated today. Being instructed in the law of cause and effect and reincarnation, their outlook on death and appreciation of life were more wholesome and natural than ours. Our spiritual roots are well-grounded in the Infinite Invisible and also in the ancient races of earlier epochs who left their traces in form of hieroglyphics written on stones; not only in Egypt, but all over the world. We brought the seed energy of pastlife memory records into our present incarnation. Having endured many painful cleansings



on purifying planes and in the physical forms we occupied, a subtle inner nudging reminds us to discern right from wrong.

### WHAT DEVIL?

The cycle in which we presently live is drawing to a close, which is not the end of the world, but end of a cycle. It may not be possible to redeem what we destroyed, but we can cultivate love, good will and keep a tight reign on our emotions, to mellow the destructive forces our energies have set into action.

The holy dogma of the theological God and a devil came into existence as an *idea* that saw good and bad in man. These characteristics were divided into two entities, endowed with a living form that would bless or accurse, since small minds could not incorporate exclusive divinity into their thinking. Besides, it was a convenient way by which to crack the whip of the will to keep followers in line. The mere idea that a horned devil would catch the backslider and join him to the chain gang that fanned the fires, did the trick. Individuals who have a concrete belief in the devil, lose their equilibrium by the first onslaught of their own darkness. Then the heart is no longer a fitting place for the Light, until ill imagination has been moved out.

Though there are dark entities of sorts, the proverbial satan is nonexistent. The twin appearance of lower and higher consciousness dwells within everyone. The practice of emotional detachment leads toward the Light that illumines the dark abyss of the mind and obliterates the nightmare.

Over the centuries well-meant gestures to heal the wayward by threats of hellfire gathered momentum. As the veil thickened scriptures were revised, since the clergy could not understand the parables of Jesus, Who referred to satan as being the dual mindedness and energy of man; which tempted also Him during His forty-day fast.

Any devil Jesus ever exorcized or drove out was always the personal one, which hissed with the individual's own breath and corrupt energy that gave it form. Jesus transmuted the negative force into Light, by which the self-possessed and those dispossessed of reason were redeemed. Later on artists transferred devil images to

canvas and paintings, that were left to us as a "great legacy" of art and became valuable portraits. But who can distill and transfer to canvas the Essence of the Divine?

### *Thought Bodies of Light and Darkness*

Man is the Divine Idea made flesh. To keep his inborn radiance clear and shining and the spiritual being and physical form healthy, dark thought images must be transmuted into forms of light. Your inner bodies are etheric. Emotional unrest and uproar injure them and suffer the physical form. Noble, lovely thoughts beautify and heal the body and enhance the cosmic structure of the whole.

Your mental body is the instrument that transmits, receives and conveys to the soul the energy of every motive, emotion and action. On deeper levels energy goes out to do your bidding through the power of your subconscious mind. Dark apparitions cannot roost in a God-centered heart, even though the hostilities of others will try to invade it. Since the devil/angel consciousness are *one*, we cannot slay one nor redeem the other, but we *can* release our shadows into the Light and commit to God all we think, feel, speak and do.

When the mind creates a shadow body, it draws to itself a host of other shadows. Given enough impetus through the power of thought, desire and will, these unfeeling forces go out and affect and pollute other atmospheres — and bodies. Since they are neither material nor soul, but creations of wrong thinkers, they can turn on their creator in a terrible way. Auto accidents and other traumas are not always the fault of another person, but the victim's own energy rebounding.

Finally, after these man made devils have had their fill, they go out and create destruction en masse, in form of tornados, hurricanes, sea storms and more, until they self-destruct in their own fury.

Individuals who work on others mentally to vent their anger, eventually retreat into their own dark world. Anger drains away your strength. Some people hate so much they cannot help but indulge in the sensation, especially when they see their own



demoralized character in others. Many a soul has been "saved" through self-improvement!

Man walks the tightrope between his personal desires and his responsibility to himself and God. In search of his inner being and to prove his uniqueness, he battles between light and darkness. The battle of Armageddon is not one to come, but is constantly fought within man's dual self. Just as the gods were ordered to subdue the earth, man has to conquer his rash impulses and warring nature.

Pascal's Thinking reed expressed it thus: "It's not from space I must seek my divinity, but from the government of my own thoughts. I shall have no more if I possessed worlds. By space the universe encompasses and swallows me up like an atom; by thought I comprehend the whole."

There is no release, no peace, nor Light, until man can face the scramble of his personality, and until self-pity and all contaminated goodness are replaced by selfless virtues and new values are established in the Light. Then there shall be no limit to man's unfoldment and his perpetual contact with God. For he is soul, and soul is all he is.

There are gentler entities in Cosmos than those born of man's dark disposition. Maras aid our unfoldment, even though they are not yet of the Pure Light.

### *Maras, Benevolent Darkness*

You shall meet them along the way of enlightenment. Living in the Light you must also face the stewards of the shadow, which are groups that serve the King of Darkness and are man's worst tempters. To curse the darkness is ignorance, for the *other* side of God redeems the wayward. Darkness and Light are of one force and since "there is no power but of God", outside of it nothing exists.

At times Maras demand recognition. They are benevolent and helpful, in that they forewarn of impending disaster, should you decide to stray into worldly directions; and they can cause you great anxiety to bring you back into God's Way. You also grow fully aware of their tender traps and that they would do your bidding at

slightest command and carry it out to the finest degree. All things demand payment. You cannot serve two masters.

Our physical universe is the tempter's empire and "bottomless pit" aflame with man's hatred, lying institutions and punitive judgments that pervert the Truth of God. But without negation, secularism and spiritual torpor that keep the human stirred up, he would forget to evolve. In younger days I've made many rounds through institutions and hospitals, where he who "has ears" can hear the "weeping and gnashing of teeth". And often I hear the pitiful sobs of the "lost" well up from lower spiritual ethers.

We may live in hell while heaven bound, but cannot blame our self-instituted pain on God. When regenerated in His Love, you will tire of sitting with pallbearers who dwell on depression and self-pity, and try to find happiness at the bottom of a bottle. Then happiness abounds and the work to be done for the Father will consume your thoughts, energy and time and give you peace and pleasure. But it seems no sooner you are happy, someone will try to muffle your joy! Be good to yourself, remain in charge, shift your attention on God and you will be beyond inharmony and petty aggravations.

Man's thoughts are constantly at war with the light/and shadow self; yet thought is just a thought until you endow it with will, character and power. Then it becomes a living thing that begins to bless or blast your affairs. We should heed what we internalize, for the power of life and death lies in cocreative consciousness.

Lack of self-acknowledgement detains progress. Many people have a problem with this. An individual can be so guilt-ridden and unbending, even minimal spiritual instructions offend his sensibility and move him into retaliation. Not for what he was taught, but because the Inner Self revealed his true character. Such individuals misconceive their emotional coldness for love and usually have an ingrained need to supervise and control others. They forget truth extends beyond their material world of deception and twisted dealings, usually blame others for their troubles and the Master of Light gets no better reception. And as the old saying goes: "You can't go forward until you know where you have been!" Without self-honesty can be no Self-Realization.



There is more to such characters. Material good is all John Anybody knows, which make him poor in spirit. The gifts he extends to the poor of God he retrieves with the emotional flog and makes sure he is amply thanked in endless reconsiderations of his gratuities, which deprive him/her of spiritual gain and leave a void not even God will fill. He/she is never loved by anyone, for this is the karmic lesson they came to learn.

We would like to say human beings are wonderful and faultless, but this would prevent the Light from shining through, which shows the way out of error.

### *The Power of Forgiveness*

The shadow cannot harm you, when you live within the circle of Impersonal Love. What frees your energy from evil and keeps the protective shield around you powerful and effective? Forgiveness. It is a mighty refractor which will shatter malignant vibrations directed to you into tears and bits, like a pane of glass hurled against a diamond wall.

Loving God teaches us to forgive. Love is forgiveness! It's long been said: "A chain is only as strong as its weakest link". Resentment, rancor, anger and unforgiveness are links that break down the chain — or protective shield around you. The power of forgiveness will set you free, regenerate and heal your body and mind, when you allow it to be — and do not retreat from its principles.

Do not petition God's Mercy, nor sit by the Heavenly Candle, until you have forgiven others and yourself, for *self* is God. Before seeking communion with God, visualize, *name*, bless and release those who brought you pain — and forgive the hurt. It is not when you hate your enemies that God takes care of their evils, but when you have forgiven them. If you knew of some of the sickness and dread that befalls your enemies you would find ample reasons to forgive them. In the beginning it will be a challenge, but one you will cherish. The light-heartedness, mental freedom and inner peace forgiveness grants is most rewarding.

Once the Inner Master said to me: "*No man is good or bad, good in itself holds evil. Think only good, if you cannot — think evil, the pain of evil shall teach thee of good. And being good you shall*

*recognize it as evil . . . thus rise above good and evil into thy perfect nature that knows neither evil nor good."*

Inner contentment and freedom are what every human being most longs for, but the only place you can ever be free is in soul. Some day all people will be free, it is the Will of God for each and every soul. Until then the fight for independence will continue. Forgiveness is the golden key. Forgiveness begins and ends with *you*. It establishes a clear, powerful connection between yourself and God. Love, mental balance, peace and freedom belong to every soul. Unless people are free inwardly, they cannot express it in their practical life. When you go to the Father with a clean heart and clean hands, there will be no need to reiterate your needs, they will be met the first time you ask. When you allow Impersonal Love and forgiveness to shine through yourself, through your actions and your life, then all that truly glitters shall be Divine.

It is said, heaven and hell are states of mind. But are they? We shall now take a closer look to see what occurs after the cycles of the last hour.



## Chapter Nine

### Cycles of the Last Hour

*"Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee, in whose heart are the ways! Whose passing through the valley of weeping makes it a place of fountains, yea, the early rain covers it with blessings."*  
(Psalms)

While contemplating the death experience, a vaporous mist began to wide my perception and within the luminous formation stood the Master in White, who spoke to my heart: "Death comes as sleep that beclouds the mind, the spirit clasps its hand and they walk away in unity; then the twain ascend into light. Birth knows no pain, neither does death."

The allegory that transports a good person into eternal bliss and the wayward to the pits, is unfounded. Nothing burns in hell but vice and ego, as you are confronted by what you are. The misconception of the afterlife can become so ingrained and stabilized in the mind that after his translation man finds himself in midst of what he choose to believe. Once a nurse told me: "The most sickening sight is to see ministers in their death struggle. I've seen twenty three of them go on during my years of work, it's a disgrace." Undue damnation of cantankerous fear merchants bring many believers to needless suffering; "as man thinketh so is he".

When the death struggle persists, the Angel points His energy to the form and frees the soul, after which the departing enters the valley of his own thoughts, actions and beliefs. The gross forms clasp hands, that dance and spin before his vision and fan hellfires with pokers, are of his own belief. Even though they are illusions, for that time they are real.

In retrospect of the life just ended, the panorama of all it contained unrolls from beginning to end; whereas just before his new incarnation the Valley of Light is experienced from end to begin-



ning, forecasting all that shall occur in the future, which the soul stores in the unconscious, but forgets at the time of rebirth.

The departed has every opportunity to face himself in honesty. He beholds all participants involved in the life past, including himself, and all that transpired in thought, word, deed and motive. He cannot deny his actions, the Inner Self kept record and reveals every truth. All he covered up comes to light. Accurate self-acknowledgement is his quickest way to redemption. His belief, unbelief, preacher or Christ will not save him, for each must walk through the valley alone, and face his true character.

In the next cycle, his evil creations find him again. They become the living tormentors his mortal will and breath created, that waited in the wings for the hour to manifest to him again. Nothing can find you but your own. How long you must endure, depends on the life you lived. Heaven and hell give homage for hundreds and thousands of years. There are millions of heavens and millions of hells, each gravitates to the place he prepared for himself while yet on earth.

The spiritual soul bypasses denser levels, but also endures purification, after which the Guardian Spirit guides it into heavenly regions. To the lover of God death is a journey into new beginnings, that open the way to greater experiences and to a greater new life.

Caught up in lower regions, the soul beholds the Light, and after a time, pain and panic lose their grip. Death is part of life. The wages of death are: *reincarnation*.

If you have never been influenced by formalistic religious thinking, your direct relationship to God and trust in Him will see you through. After death none other shall take you unto Himself.

Passing through the cycles of the last hour the Light grows ever brighter. If at the moment of dazzling brilliance you can accept the Light and unite with *It*, it shall carry you quickly out of the valley of self-recognition into the happiness and activity of heavenly highlands. The lover of God also beholds the forms of his shortcomings, but instinctively knows they shall cause him no harm. If after the final hour our new reality is wonder-filled or a nightmare, it is because our life past corresponded to it.

When the transition takes place through accidental death, some do not realize they are dead until the cycle of the last hour has passed. However physical dissolution may occur, it means spiritual renewal. The first period is of peace and contentment. The second grants a feeling of detachment, clear sensing, clear seeing, clear hearing and beholding the place from which you are departing. The third stage is a rapid floating through temporary darkness. The fourth is the approaching Light. After you have bathed in the pools of cleansing and faced the *Self*, you enter the sunny Lands of God.

On your journey inward you see souls mounting to God like marathons, that shall take on another form — called by a name, as *You* and *I*.

### *Journey Through the Illusion of the Self*

*"I tell thee, thou shalt not depart thence, 'til thou has paid the very last mite." "Lo, this is he whom the world calleth Love, a bitter Lord thou shalt clearly see, when he shall rule o'er thee as now over us." (St. Luke 12:59)*

Pull now your cape of Light closely around your shoulders, Blessed Reader, as we continue our journey and enter the dismal planes that wreak with woe and despair. The atmosphere darkened. We had left the light-capped mountains, solemn temples and sunlit cities of Higher worlds and faster than light we descended to lower planes and entered an atmosphere of purification. The Inner Wayshower instructed, that these regions were set aside to cleanse and prepare souls for their departure to heavenly highlands. I shuddered. Knowing that there are millions of other heavens and hells in lower cosmos, I wondered what others yet would be like, and how much we go through before we enter the Pure Worlds of God.

I beheld the night of many souls; heard the cries of the weeping, and looked at their tormented facial expressions. What lot man had chosen for himself. From breathing, hissing depth I heard the sobs of those who stood in crowded spaces, like sardines in a can, pleading for release; suffering the rebounding energy of their domineering natures, that robbed others of their freedom and



psychic space, and broke their mortal will. There was no fire of a flaming hell, but the burning caldron of hate, carnal rage and emotional fury, of the beast that dwells in the bottomless pit of every man.

Agony and sheer compassion tore at my heart. I wanted to jump into their midst to rescue them, were it possible. The Noble Guardian knew my thoughts, and the Power of His outpouring Light clothed me in peace. We continued deeper into the cosmic astral; dismal barrenness lay across the plane in gaging stench. Deformed, gross creatures, laughing evil specters, were dragging bodies behind them like dummies on a string.

A wailing wind swept across the dried up ground, over the stretch of self-fulfilling prophecies. Cross-lightning of hatred, malice and greed zigzagged through that horrid place of carnal vexation, which smelled with the odor of irredeemable wickedness, and bloodstained *heros* who found no mercy; and of others that rose up from hell's unknown lands and were victims of their own demise.

My heart was full of woe, and is so even now as I relive the horrors of the lands of purgation. And some who tormented the life out of others, I found confined to cells no bigger than their breath, who wept and cried: "Help, help, I am lost, lost . . . !" But no ear would lend itself to hear the plea. I wept for all the world — and for myself, and wondered just how much or how little I added to the bloody record. And then from yonder place welled up the loud jeering laughter of a stray demon, and I jittered to the core, felt forsaken and fearfully called out to the Master; lo, He stood serene and unmoved as a pillar of Light amidst the terrible fermentation. Still, I felt as though the throbbing ethers held me in their vice. Now a mighty sound rang out across the barren land of woe, and suddenly the fog began to lift. And then a great Light split through the astral denseness and I toppled into the brilliant mass, scooped up by an unseen force. The Noble Guardian stood majestic in the radiance of His royal cloak and looked at me so sorrowful, as if wondering how well I survived. I spoke up: "My Lord, thou art a Great Teacher!" But He remained silent. Again on sunlit pathways, I still felt the sting of negation that cauterized

the soul, and felt uncommonly thankful to be back in the soothing calmness of Spirit.

In consequence, the ways of the world no longer intrigued my imagination. I always needed something visible — this took care of it! Yes, I attest to the reality of an afterlife, to a heaven and a self-made hell; for my spirit was caught up in both and saw what is on either side. Every now and then when I think of people who tell others what to believe in and how they ought to live, and of those who hold a silent grip on the freedom of others; I feel great pity. Beloved of God, think twice, yea, thrice, the wages of error are *self-undoing*.

Once during contemplation I projected to a country site high near the top of a mountain; the scenery lay in autumn setting, colorful and bright. I met there an old friend, robed in white, a Lord of Death, who was sitting on a massive park bench. I looked at Him and said: "My Lord, I am glad you are my friend!" He remained silent and turned His gaze to far-off continents.

I continued walking along the path in nature's wondrous setting. The leaves had turned to silver, purple, red and gold. Suddenly I felt someone was watching me. Partly obscured by the thick foilage of heavy branches, stood the stately presence of a Lord of darkness, whose cool, scrutinizing look sent a rush of electrical tingles over my skin. When His gaze softened, I took heart and spoke up: "My Lord, I am thankful I never have to go with you again!" And by a softly gliding sensation I re-entered my body.

Contemplation and out-of-body experiences are needful, for only then will the Spirit of the Lord point out to us how far we have come, and how much farther we have yet to do.

### *The Realm of Lacuna Lok*

Edward Fitzgerald wrote: "*I sent my soul through the invisible, a vision of the afterlife to spell . . . and after many days my soul returned and said: Behold, myself am heaven and hell.*"

While writing this book I was shown hell planes that defy imagination, where people are caught up and sailed airborne through the fire-fog of astral hells — having lost the gravity of their center. Some hung suspended over the smoldering caldron of plunging



abyss, fearfully peering down, while others couldn't lift higher than the hole they rose out of. Underground upheavals vomit rocks up into the air, and leave new settings that again collapse and sink to other depth, to sweep the offender of God into jail; which is more terrible than the hell plane called earth, where some are tormented more than others.

This plane was semi-solid underfoot and deprived of the mercy of heaven. Hunchbacked people, grotesque, lame and blind, limped and crawled around screaming, sometimes in silence. The air was eerie, uniformly yellow, tinged with orange, light and bright, like flaming peach, and nothing around would lessen its persistence to ream out the hidden splendor of soul, much as on earth pain and traumas harrow out the evil in man, to adjust his hostile chemistry.

In soul body you can move inward, upward or downward to gather experiences, but if you scaled the heights of heaven or descended into the bowls of the earth to find hell, in paradox you would find neither, as they are experienced on inner levels of the self, in worlds and universes which are, but are not. These are the dungeons and mansions of consciousness we can see and explore under the Master's Guidance. Their reality is overwhelming, there is no mistake, you are there!

I was sent yet to another level of the nether worlds. In this experience it was a sensation of a reeling, downward movement, as rapid as being on an elevator that suddenly lost its hinges. When we entered this world, *LACUNA LOK* stood embossed in bold hieroglyphics on a huge archway made of layers of stone. The realm of Lacuna Lok was an intermediate region, superseding the deeper levels of other hell planes, a transitional plateau. Unlike the earth world, this plane is very clean and life moves along quietly. Being neither light nor darkness it lies in complete twilight, similar to our atmosphere on a dreary, rainy day.

Ocean waters, rivers and ponds on this spiritual plane do not glisten as those in heavenly cosmos, but are much clearer than those on earth, and constantly moving. This place of purgation is lit by a cool moon, mere thoughts of it make you shiver. Its shape resembled a combination of animal and star, with a comet like tail.

It is scary to look at, since the moon seems possessed by a terrible personage, which pervades the atmosphere with vibrations cold as death. It's penetrating force periodically pours through your finest atoms, and chills you with a feeling of being under the constant surveillance of a gigantic eye, that knows just what you are thinking at every moment.

However, this world has also a lulling, tranquilizing effect, *after* you have been to the site where everything turns cold and foggy. Widespread countrysides, cities and rolling hills resemble those on earth; you can move around freely, a mere thought will get you across the wide flatland, in paradox to the otherwise solid ground. This realm gives you a distinct feeling of being entrapped and has a claustrophobic, suffocating affect. You can hardly wait to leave. It's a grey place, devoid of splendor, devoid of kindness; save the subtle glory you feel when alone with your thoughts.

You realize this is a place of transit. Some inhabitants repeatedly move their small goods to different sites. It's apparent they are running from something, if not from themselves. The habitations I went through were uniformly small, simple and neatly kept. Several stood empty, as their occupants continued to brighter or darker regions.

It was more a place of preparation for whatever would follow, like waiting for the verdict of an unseen judge. The being in charge was of extraordinary stature and loomed tall as a giant. The mercy and pity of his dark eyes streaked through me at times; yet a cold emanation fell from the dimly shining filament that spun the silvery cloak hanging around his shoulders, which was held together by a clasp like jewel that glistened too bright for the eye to endure.

Sure of myself, but jittery, I looked to the person I had taken along on this journey, whose squalid ways of earth seemed to incur a waste of all he touched. Otherwise greatly prone to exaggeration, he now was gentle as a lamb, stirred around uneasy and anxious. Every now and then when I couldn't see him, I thought the atmosphere had done him in, but he held through.

In the sphere of Lacuna Lok, I met many handsomely groomed Yamas, the messengers of death. Some quietly departed to gather up souls in need of enlightenment, while others subservient beings



moved along netherland pathways to other destinations. They were dark in nature, their eyes shone ruby red, but I felt at ease, as I had met them within days of initiations and in my work. They are charming, enticing, gallant, wicked and mean as hell; but except for talking with me they bore me no harm.

Soon I stood at the lake of dark waters. From its turbulent deep rose a dead fog mixed with the strain and weary emotions of personages that surfaced like mermaids out of its depth. Jeering laughter and misery diffused the otherwise unreal calm of the land, and the heartrending echoes fell back into the silence of the warm breeze.

The suffocating atmosphere began to cause me discomfort. Since it's just about the same feeling you get from evil persons I wasn't really too surprised; but I couldn't endure much more of the sadness and agony of this purgatory place.

Just before our departure, an unseen presence asked if I wanted to see more. I vehemently shook my head. But during that split moment of the question, the earth etherealized and cleft wide open. I suddenly looked into the depth of a hell that was wide on top and narrow at the bottom, blending into far more dreadful places through interconnecting tunnels.

I beheld things so pitiful, people have yet to dream of them, which are just as unrepeatable as the unspeakable Glories of God. When we left the purgatory of Lacuna Lok, it lit up with a soft effulgence that poured light on our path, and the dark Servants and Sons of God saw me off. Their eyes softened, shone red as the rose of glowing wine and again touched my heart to remind me no one is exempt from what I saw, unless the soul remains in submission to God.

I was most thankful as they nodded I could move on, else I might have reeled into oblivion and this book may not have been written. Moving back into the Light of freedom we ascended upward with incredible speed — my friend pale as a ghost. And thus ended the journey to Lacuna Lok, through the illusions of the Self. I had re-entered my body.

A week later I asked my friend if perchance he remembered a dream, to which he replied: "Wherever it was, you were with me. It

scares me to think about it! I don't ever want to go there again, it was sheer terror."

Religions are not altogether wrong contending you go either up or down, except they rule out the possibility of release from those dreadful regions. Experiencing the depth of self brings us to realize how much material things fall short, when measured by the yardstick of the soul.

You need not be concerned with heaven or hell, both are transitory; but to live each day honestly, lovingly and simply, just being a good soul; then death shall release you into the presence of Divine Love. You do not need to look for God, He is already within you, but open your heart completely to the Holy Spirit shall be enough.

The final hour shall be met in preparedness, for the Light shall come whether we accept or reject it. And though the sower fears the reaper, he cannot escape him.

The ever-present flow of negation pouring through world ethers assails every thinker, whether through socializing, division of beliefs, warmongering or mundane living. Satanic legions roaming the earth are none other than the energy of unredeemed human beings.

As angels minister to us, so the negative force serves to liberate man from the abstract light of earth. However, evil can only go up to one point, when you rise above it within your own self, it can no longer touch you. Evil itself has no power, only your reactions to it give it power. When things go awry and you want to give up, *keep going* as though nothing happened, leave it be, and circumstances will change, especially when you funnel love into all you think, say and do!

We live in a cycle where souls are judged by their works. Evil nurtures good, in that it tests your endurance and ability to remain unresponsive to its harrassments, and to overcome the obstacles placed in your way. It nurtures good, as it prepares the way for the coming of Light and peace to all hearts. Current world catastrophies, bloodshed and war, unbridled passions, insensitivity and greed, sweeping over continents and nations, are driving the soul of humanity towards the Light.



When you are touched by the fire of devotion, you will know only love, and more love. Then the Current of Divine Love will remove from you doubt and distress, and the only heat you will know after death, will be that of Resplendent Love.

### *The Brilliant Sea of Eternal Love*

The Incandescent Love of God is the *Lake of Fire*, "that burneth forever and ever". You are a living spark of Its Sacred, Blazing Fire and Unconquerable Light. This is the spark and Divine Nature of God in every man, which descended to gain perfection and ascends by its own strength — to dissolve again into the Lake of Love and Supreme Happiness "that burneth forever and ever."

The Sea of quenchless fire is the Shoreless Ocean of Resplendent Light, Love and Mercy of which you were born and to which you shall return at the end of all cycles. Beginningless and endless, *It* is the Unborn, Uncreated, Formless Supreme Presence, the Body of the *Nameless One*, Giver of Life and Sacred Parent of all souls; the Absolute.

The Lake of Fire is the Love of God, that flames, shines and glistens throughout all Eternity, which will remain when all else has passed away. The Exalted Energy of God's Eternal Love and Holy Fire is felt by the humble in heart as a gentle, all-diffusing inner warmth — and by those *It* heals, as a tingling, electrical vibration, a coolness or heat.

It is a Love that knows nothing of evil and beholds no evil in man; a Love that makes you feel strong, happy and alive! By *Its* Touch you realize the *nowness* of salvation and the profound meaning of:

*"Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 5:20 —*

**YOU ARE LOVED!**

## Chapter Ten

### The World of Astral Light

Your physical body has its spiritual counterparts by which you see, hear, touch, taste, smell, perceive vibrations, inspiration, commune with divine intelligences and travel to Worlds Beyond.

Your spiritual forms are: the vital, etheric, emotional, mental and soul body and these vehicles do not disintegrate at the time of physical death. In example: even long after a person has undergone surgery of losing a limb, he still senses having the leg or arm, or you may have a toothache where there is no longer a tooth or feel a superficial itch where a limb had been.

When the energy of God poured Its Golden Essence into the soul, one ray of Its Light began to thread itself through your light bodies, that to spiritual sight appear as pearls on a silver string. Each light form and luminous color of each forcefield connects to corresponding inner worlds. The physical body, matter, is formed of crystallized substance, Spirit, to which the cord is directly and indirectly attached, the heart center being the connecting point in most. The silver cord shines brighter than the electrovital body, which glows in the pale radiance of phosphorous fire that holds them together. These are your spiritual garments and all you are, think and feel constantly plays through the whole spectrum.

When the transition finally occurs, the silver cord breaks in sequence, unless through death by accident it severs all at once. Normally each time it lets go, it lets another vehicle rise higher, until it snaps to give the soul full flight and the physical form has become a discarded shell.

As soul belongs to heaven worlds, it has no regrets leaving earth or any other world behind, unless it formed strong attachments to material and emotional conditions, which incite a longing to draw back to old familiar surroundings. Since soul has withdrawn from the earthen form, the old vehicle is now like a



flower that can no longer bloom; and each new body it enters, affords a greater opportunity for inner unfoldment.

We do not come directly from the Heart of God at birth, nor do we return to it after death, as believed. Through endless cycles of reincarnation we are brought to perfection, no less allows us to return to the highest heaven of God.

By free will we descended into the worlds of mind and matter, time and space, and each of us has taken the road our actions, reactions and energies have mapped out for us. Along the path of spiritual evolution and rebirth, our debits and credits follow us from life to life. The oppressor becomes the oppressed, the hunter the hunted, the tormentor endures the same mental and physical pain he inflicted on others and good is rewarded for good.

Desire which fastened us to the world, brings us back to the world where the seed was sown to realize fully our desire. Soul-destroying qualities of mind or actions which no longer live up to human standards lead to metempsychosis, into a corresponding subhuman form and a state to fulfill them. We should understand that reincarnation is not concerned with form, but with the evolution and perfection of consciousness. We do not escape our responsibilities, rewards or debts. What we sow today, we reap tomorrow, our debts are repaid to the last grain of the harvest. The cycles of re-embodiment can only be broken through the realization of Self and God, by which alone we can re-enter conscious union with God.

### *To Reform the Old*

The lower astral world is a prelude to what confronts the wayward individual, but the new arrival is given many opportunities to change his attitude about himself, life, death, his overindulgences and sexual perversions. In the world of desire souls often continue in their old habits for a time. Still compelled by insatiable cravings, they intensify a hundred fold until the vice can be laid to rest and the desire body has been cleansed, that soul may enter higher worlds. Necessary cleansing grants the soul a more solid foundation in the next existence.

The astral world is a world of consequence. Even the satanic principle that aids man's regeneration, gets tired of continually correcting man, who cares less what becomes of him, until the Lords of Karma put the pressure on and awaken the sleeper through sorrow and pain.

The Law of God is not concerned with mortal happiness, but with man's continued experiences by which happiness maybe found; for man is vested in the swaddling garment of God's own Light, and the Heart of God is his only destination.

### *The Astral Wanderer*

Some individuals find it difficult to live under the consequences of their own actions, and under the persistent abuse of others. When life on earth becomes unbearable, they decide to terminate it, and at times superimposed guilt drives them over the edge. But disembodied man is caught between the spheres, where he dwells without purpose or direction. He beholds higher worlds but cannot enter them, and finally his desolation draws him back to earth. His fears and bitter frustrations haunt his twilight existence and worse, he finds his premature exit through the backdoor of life was no escape at all, since he is now more alive than ever. And so he lingers in twilight existence, until his natural life span has run its course and he becomes free at the moment when physical death would have occurred.

Sometimes we meet people who have reached the end of their emotional rope, who are silently condemned, mostly by the *righteous*, but who need understanding and help to get them back on-course. More often beneath the veil of desperation you may find a soul that faced more devils in a week, than most of us face in a lifetime.

Even though the right to live and the right to die is a personal matter, we stand idly by and let persons meet death in hopelessness. It breaks Divine Law to deprive the soul of a body, therefore of a cycle, whether through abortion, or death by lethal injection, gas palette, or electric chair; for the soul has waited many lifetimes for the opportunity to reincarnate. And those who stand in judgment will stand corrected, as blood for blood must be redeemed in



another existence. All life is hallowed. And in a sense: the life you save maybe your own.

### *Haunted Homesteads*

Back in the old country people spoke of shadow bodies, doppelgängers, enjoyed tall tales and ghost stories while gathering around the warm hearth on winter nights, when the wind rattled the shutters and crackling rafters induced an eerie atmosphere just right for the occasion.

During the magical hours of Halloween, Christmas and New Years Eve, folks back home renewed old traditions of foretelling events by dropping hot, melted led by small amounts into ice water, that would form it into shapes. By counting up to twelve minutes past midnight, it would show the month when a baby would be born, a death occur, or an interitance or wedding was in the offing, which often proved amazingly true.

But fancy tales became more real when ghosts stalked through castles in Europe, and in common dwellings as well. Spirits have been photographed in castles, churches and common places. Once after a healing, my people photographed my chapel; when the picture was enlarged it revealed the shining countenance of an angel, which developed more clearly as time went by.

### *Etheric Shells*

We must discern between undissolved etheric shells and an actual entity when confronted by the reality of the Unseen. Milky forms which hover over a grave before the dissolution of the buried physical form, are only energy remains, a worn-out husk without an organism.

My aunt had just returned from visiting our relatives in Bordeaux, France. She told me about a man and his friend who returned to the graveyard, to look for the watch he lost while weeding around the grave marker. Since it was late at night, he took along a pocket-knife for protection. As he bent over the grave, he beheld a rising spirit form, stabbed after it and accidentally pinned his coat to the grave with his knife, and died on the

spot from fright, believing the spirit grabbed him. Would he have known it was merely undissolved energy, he would still be alive.

On journeys inward you can see heaps of discarded shells, the coverings souls have discarded on their ascent. But you must not stop, keep going; see them for what they are: discarded shells. Often etheric vandals slip into them to play havoc with mortals, who believe them to be an aunt, uncle, or Buffalo Bill.

### *Bound by Desire*

When still a child, my mother used to take me along to the old bakery at the top of the hill, where morning glory, assorted trumpet flowers and geraniums filled the edges of high balconies, flaunting their blossoms in the wind. Up the steep, narrow cobbled street along the Swiss Chalets, the butcher, baker, delicatessen, wine cellar and candlestick shop were built in a row. Now and then a happy soul sang and wobbled out of the Beer Stube and ran self-propelled by gravity down the old hill road. Home sweet home, it was beautiful there.

The aged baker and inkeeper finally passed on and rumors had it that he stalked the workshop, attic and especially the bakery. Since I seemed to see what eluded others, I set out to solve the mystery by myself. As Mamá might not have approved, I ran up the hill for some candy and waited around a while. Soon I saw a fleeting form and then the etheric gestalt of the departed. Funny, I thought, I never before saw a spirit wearing a baker's hat, but this one did! He shuffled rather than moved around, made his way to the glass counter, and I stared in surprise as he reached directly through the glass wanting to straighten up the fine tortes and cakes, and oddly enough his fat fingers picked up a glob of icing as by a hook, that slipped through his fingers into nothingness. The woman behind the counter had the strangest look on her face and as touched by a chill, pulled her bulky sweater closely around her shoulders; but she never said a word.

### *Sounding Vesper Bell*

My uncle owned a large saw mill and an adjoining flour mill. I fondly remember those days, hitching a ride on those wagons that



swashbuckled down the narrow tracks moving the lumber; and loved looking into the sparkling waters rushing through the spokes of the big water wheel at the grain mill.

Since my uncle employed a great host of workers, he also provided a vespr bell that called to prayer, to lunch and to go home; which the custodian set into motion morning, noon and night for many years. After the good man died the bell remained silent, but every now and then in the quiet of evening, we could clearly hear its much softened gong. Once it was loud; when my uncle and I rushed to see about it, the big rope was swaying back and forth. Since the bell was housed in a tower, did the wind set it into motion or the old custodian?

Shortly afterwards I went back to the tower, it was deep evening; I sat on the dusty floor and prayed. Suddenly a cool breeze, a chill went down my spine and as I looked up, the old caretaker stood fully materialized, healthy and young looking before me. My request was answered and much love followed him as he vanished into the mists.

### *The Stalking Spirit*

The bloody war had ended. Jobs were impossible to find. Many had lost their possessions and stood in the breadline. Since anything was better than nothing and money of the essence, determination found the way.

It happened in an Alpine Resort in Southern Germany. Looking for work I stopped at the store of a green grocer and alas — I was offered room, board and a small wage in exchange for light housekeeping and attending the store; but, I had to learn to marinate herrings by the barrels. Well, when you're young, these things don't bother you so much. Though I could hardly stand to clean my slippery friends, the need of the hour gave courage. It was far fetched from the environment in which I was brought up, but I was thankful for the blessing.

The owner was a heavysset woman with a kind round face. She hastily showed me to my quarters at the top of the stairway, directly under the beamed chalet roof. While we were having tea she cautioned: "The former owner hung himself in this house. Once a

year on September the seventh, you will hear him walking through the whole house and he may come to your room, but be not afraid, he harms no one!" "Great!" — I thought, what else and shrugged my shoulders in disbelief.

Now and then I restlessly looked at the calendar that finally showed September 7, 1947. I retired late that evening, hoping to outwait the strange visitor, but sleep won out. The clock struck twelve p.m., when I froze with apprehension from a strange vibration and hurriedly pulled the covers tightly around me. I heard clonking footsteps slowly climbing up the narrow stairs, one by one, and though this spirit could have entered by any other way, the closed door of my room slowly opened, squeaking in its hinges.

Footsteps drew near my bed and fearfully squinting I saw the full form of a tall male entity peering down on me. I heard its very breath and laid stock still, too panicked to move, as I felt the darkness of an unknown, dismal side of life drugging my senses, and it seemed seconds turned into an hour.

Then the stalking spirit turned away and departed in the same way it came, until the sounds of footsteps were swallowed up in the echo of the dark stairway.

Bathed in sweat I arose from my bed, pondering the state of this unhappy being, that affirmed there was life after death. Inwardly I bargained: "God, I'll be faithful as heaven not to have to go through such a thing again!" Little did I know about the Silent Call of Spirit that would someday claim all of my affections and how much there was yet to face. I opened the window, somehow the air was filled with magic. The city clock struck 1 a.m., as I watched the clear, crisp night breeze ripple through tall pines and lofty trees and fleeting clouds covered the face of the moon.

As I mentioned in the beginning of this book, the loss of a loved one moved me to go in search of the possibility of life after death; regardless of my many inner experiences in early childhood there was still doubt. And because I was determined to find the answer, I had to face the Light of my own being and all that lay in darkness; but gained more than I ever hoped for.



### *Love Divides the Veil*

It was on a snowy November day in 1952, when the reality of the afterlife revealed itself again. When my beloved Papà appeared to me, I rushed towards the living room door where he stood to hug him, but he vanished from sight. Startled, I looked at the heirloom clock hanging on the wall, its hands pointed to 7:15 p.m., I called to my husband: "Papà is dead, I just saw him." My spouse gave me a disproving look — and later did worse. But I knew Papà had gone on, even though he lived over 2,000 miles away at the time and I did not know he was ill. A week to the day I received a published letter that certified his transition. It gave the month, day and exact time when he materialized to me. For three days to follow I dreamt of him, always the same dream. Each time I ran like mad to catch up with him — and almost did, but there was a deep green forest between us, and always I stopped in hopelessness when he motioned with his hand I had to go back. Then his form faded into the misty sky — I never knew I had so many tears.

The invisible bond between souls that truly love never severs. The purer we love, the greater Love's outreaching power becomes. It flows out into the Invisible and touches the heartbeat of the beloved, and suddenly thought answers to thought.

When you stand at a grave of a loved one, there is no one there, the life of soul is birthless, deathless and moves on. Love outshines death and your beloved can only be dead when you shut him out of your mind. Life does not begin at the womb, nor does it end at the tomb. Even as the stars come out at night and recede at dawn, it does not mean they do not exist. You shall again see your beloved ones, whether in a dream, or by materialization, they come to prove their living estate. Those who could not resolve their differences while together on earth, shall meet again in another time, another place, to heal the hurt and span the breach that divided them.

### *Spiritual Living in the Astral World*

Our earth is a star in the firmament of Divine Cosmos, the word *Astral* means related to a star. Living in the physical world we have the distinct privilege and purpose to bring forth the Abun-

dant Life. Yet it seems uncertainty is everpresent and a veil between us and Worlds Beyond, which keeps us from giving our best to life and from expressing our innate greatness; mostly because of our silent fear of death and life itself.

Men and women everywhere feel a subtle apprehension of the Unknown, which haunts their imagination with nonexistent threats. So let us lay all fear to rest, step up our vibrations and enter the wonderful world to which souls depart after physical dissolution.

As we enter this heavenly land we can see to a great distance; continents, oceans, cities, rivers and mountain ranges come into view. Some mountain peaks shoulder high into Cosmic Mists, the air is soft and clear, Peace and Love blanket the hills, meadows and deep green forests. The spirits of woods and murmuring streams, air entities, little people, tall people and gossamer creatures live peacefully together in this light-filled world, embracing life in every form.

This world is illumined by the Light of the reigning Lord and by the inner light of every being and creature, as it radiates from their divine centers; and lay bathed in the outpouring radiance of the higher Astral Heaven. Here, right thoughts bring right results. The nobler one's thoughts, the more beautiful one creates his surroundings, as the inhabitant can manifest whatever he wishes.

You never experience hunger, the Manna of Heaven sustains you, even though nourishing fruit is available. Your body feels solid, so does the ground you walk on, but you can also transport at will and with ease to any distance you desire to be. Sparkling fountains, running streams and shimmering waterfalls add to the glory of the heavenly setting. In this world you learn to pray with devotion, the earthly prayer would receive no reception.

### *Schools of Higher Learning*

The spiritual life is supervised by Spiritual Masters and Celestial Beings. My students often tell me of having attended classes in Temples and Halls of Wisdom and remember what they learned. The habitations where healing is taught are not at all elaborate, but rather rustic and adorned by the splendor of nature, since em-



phasis is not on show but on *regeneration* and constructive unfoldment.

When I was instructed in the finer principles of healing, the rooms were arrayed with flowers and plants of every sort, with luscious leaf hangers draping down everywhere. Individuals laid on ordinary cots that looked more fashioned of earth and mortar than of anything else. Thousand soft lights of radiant hues permeated the atmosphere, periodically a flow of vital power diffused the air. The things of God are so difficult to interpret, but once you experienced them they certainly prove that healing begins in the Divine Invisible and the Great Unknown is our true help.

There are no other true teachings than the direct Teachings of Spirit, for It is Life Itself. Divine Spirit does not lasso-in, nor coerce people to believe in It, nor does It care who follows It. It sows the seed and gathers it back up to seed a new furrow. Eventually all will be blessed to find It is real.

### *The Master Abhan Surya*

O, my People, those wondrous retreats in natural heavenly settings are delightful! They differ from higher retreats which are more filamental in nature. Astral structures are as rustic as the lovely scenery, made of green, brown and natural substances resembling wood. The log architecture of the Master's Lodge is luminous and expansive. Everywhere you look it's a Shangrila for the lover of nature. Fires of Love glow and flicker from the massive hearth, give off a warmth that imbues the heart with deep joy and make it receptive to enlightenment.

The Master Abhan Surya, Surya meaning Sun-Sulf, Abhan: Brother of the Wise, Who instructs in the sciences of Nature, looks like the Old Man of the mountain, gnarled staff and all. He stands tall and straight, broad shouldered and rugged. His stern blue eyes twinkle in spiritual light and complement His masterly, bronze-tanned features. When He looks at you His gaze seems far away, as though He embraced the far-flung horizon.

He speaks with authority and nothing He teaches escapes you. When you listen into the stillness of Cosmic Evening, you can clearly hear His hearty laughter echoing through woods and hills

and hear the Sound of His Voice melt into the Breath of God. I have seen this Magnificent One expand His Light until His auric emanations enveloped the mountain upon which He stood.

Under the Master Abhan Surya you study ecology, learn to apply correctly the energies that aid the mineral, plant and animal kingdoms and acquire the knowledge by which you may harness the forces entrusted to you, to benefit the welfare of all. No matter where you find yourself in this heavenly region, you perceive the call to class. At times the Sound is like a softly blowing foghorn, othertimes as a Clarion Call that flows down from the Master's Retreat. However you perceive it, it's always like being summoned by the pied piper. The haunting sweetness of the Holy Sound entices you to make ready and gladly follow. Once you have studied under the Master Abhan Surya, nostalgia for Holy Understanding is always present.

When you step out-of-doors from the Master's Log House, you see golden sunlight streaming down from mountain tops into the alpine setting. It's a constant interplay of colors ablaze with resplendent heavenly hues. Sound, Light and fragrances of the wild beauty all around, pour over the meadowed land, that lay in the luster of Cosmic Morning. Tall trees of every sort sway in the ripple and breath of the winds; bird songs and the whispering love of nature spirits harmonize and blend into the happiness of the heavenly setting.

The deep alpine recesses and shady garden ramparts are magnificent, nothing on earth can compare. Attar of wildflowers and wood scents linger through the atmosphere, tears of silver-white mist lay like indian summer on autumn-green and orange berry bushes. Might outbranched trees overshadow the vineyards that ramble unto the hills adjoining the Master's Retreat. It's a Wonderland! Most remarkable is the clear, soothing air; if you can envision yourself being wrapped in a blanket of Love well, that's the feeling!

This world is a place of revelations, where souls learn the Ways of God and the discarding of strange beliefs that are unrelated to Divine Truth. In this wonderful world you meet Celestial Beings that were never human, who used to help man on earth until his



constant ridicule and rejection drove them away, and they still stay away from them even *there* — for the games people play go on, since the realm still belong to lower cosmos. But what seems distasteful and lamentable to newcomers is quickly cleared up in the Light of Truth.

A small, true glimpse, or an experience in Worlds Beyond shall change your life and imbue you with inspiration and dynamic purpose, for something within you identifies with Divine Reality. You know heaven is your True Home and that your spirit survives and transcends no matter what you went through. It shall remove from your life the drudgery, depression and feelings of forlornness and you find there is nothing left to run from or run to — you discovered the Kingdom of God is within you here and now. Come what may, the Peace of God remains everpresent and your love for Him shall never wane. We already know the Way back home to God is not a sentimental journey, but we can live one day, one moment at a time, with abiding trust in God and enjoy the blessings and experiences of enlightenment; for truly, nothing less can lead us into physical and spiritual freedom.

Let us now take a closer look into the twilight that leads us through the Golden Gates of Consciousness.

## Chapter Eleven

### Golden Gates of Consciousness

*"Men are disturbed not by the things which happen but by the opinions about these things; for example, death is nothing terrible . . . , for the opinion about death, that is the terrible thing. Have this thought ever present with thee, when thou lovest any outward thing, what thou gainest in its stead; and if it be more precious, say not, I suffered loss." (Epictetus).*

The Keeper of the Gate once said to me: "Man sees lack because he does not see light . . . he sees death because he cannot see life." We might keep in mind that the dying do not fear death, but the living. The carnal mind dislikes freedom, if it were not so, it would throw open the Door of Death to see what lies beyond.

Out-of-body consciousness opens the gates to spiritual worlds. We do not have to wait until after physical death to experience the liberty we have always had. Persons who have been through the near death encounter and those who leave their body at will, speak of inner peace and freedom that enables them to live a productive and fulfilling life. The dread of death no longer exists.

To some persons the Old Reaper comes as a peaceful friend and Blessed Releaser, that frees them from the tired body to enter planes of rest. To another, death maybe slow and unending — you die the way you lived. But at times when an individual lingers on through terminal illness, he is granted time to reconcile differences and to forgive others while there still is time.

Death, as life, is a sacrament. Dying is part of living. We should not withhold the truth of approaching death from the dying. Their body is their property, so is their condition and since life is asking their resignation, no one has the right to prolong it, and to keep them in a perpetual state of vegetation by artificial means.

The good will of using life-prolonging machinery is traumatic for the dying. They cannot get out of the interim state from which



they seek release, where they must remain until the soul is no longer held back. The individual exists in both worlds and is not alive in either. On unconscious levels the dying are acutely *conscious*. Though the physical senses lose perception, every faculty of the inner self has been touched, awakened and sharpened by the nearing rapture.

Attending your loved one should be a time of forgiveness and your prayerful alignment *not to them*, but to God. Prayers of love soothe the inner being. We should learn how to pray, for possessive love holds back and makes the transition more difficult.

All that happens to the physical body after death is still felt by the organism to some degree, until the silver cord has severed. The body should not be embalmed or cremated until the seventh day after cessation and longer if possible.

In whatever manner death may occur, bursts of light liberate the soul. The transition of a spiritual person can fill the room with great love and exceeding brightness, as the soul gathers up heavenly electrodes in its ascent. Having walked in the light while upon earth, the Master of Light guides the soul safely across the abyss of death into the fullness of eternal life.

The unredeemed struggles to stay alive, the animosity and contempt he has toward others and irredeemable passions keep him hanging on. You've heard the expression: "His hate keeps him alive!" — and he tries to lash out one more time. As such individual drifts in and out-of-the death haze, you can still hear the gurgling of his choice language, but soon the departed peels off his meanness layer by layer.

Attributes of hate and bitterness bear dire repercussions. A friend told me his spouse died with a smirk on her face, and that he felt she wanted to tell him off one more time! But don't you know, some persons dwell in the death state while living, their body is not dead, but their drugged, inebriated mind is dead to the world, to themselves and to God.

A peaceful transition infills us with reverence. to witness the ascension of the soul is a wonder to behold. While working for the medical personnel, attending the ill and bedfast, I observed a person entering the tranquility of God. The man sat at the breakfast

table just the day before, laughing and exchanging stories, now he lay in bed, talking sensibly one moment, and out of it in the next. What bothered me were other nurses who stopped by the room to say: "Doing alright Harry?" He weakly nodded "Yes". Common sense would tell you not to disturb the dying!

As Harry became still, I beheld the soul slowly ascending. First a pulsating, softly shining emanation of golden energy; then a misty form rose slowly out of the crown of his head, increasing in brilliance with every passing second. With this the straining, rasping sounds of Harry's chest ceased. A smile played around his lips as his vision glazed. Then a flare of brightness. For a short moment sprays of tiny light atoms became visible around the whole form. Harry was gone and the faintly trailing glory went after him.

I was called to the hospital to attend a woman who had undergone a serious operation. While waiting in her room, I saw the shapes of two otherwise invisible presences standing by her bed. It was doubtful she would be with us much longer. When she died, the two light forms that stood by the head of her bed became clearly visible. I saw the woman's spiritual form rising out of her body and the two beings clasped her hands to take her home.

While on a journey with the Spiritual Master I was shown a broad river. Misty fog lay across its treacherous deep. I beheld persons, many of them, waiting on its banks. Others were helping loved ones, guiding them through the fog to the sunny shore that beckoned from the Other Side.

Years ago I slipped into a coma, apparently oblivious for days. When I finally woke up, the doctor was holding my hand saying: "We almost lost you!" "Well", I replied, "at least I wouldn't have known about it!" — to which he answered: "None of us do!"

By and by, my memory of what occurred returned. The priest had come in to give me the "last rite"! But when I said: "Bless me father, for I have sinned", and commenced to tell him I divorced my brute spouse, he struck the host back into his golden cup and left. "Well", I thought, "What a way to go!"

The priest's eyes showed no expression of sympathy, and I felt better off for it. As the "father" walked off in a huff — with his halo intact — his puritan attitude and psychic rudeness followed



him. When he turned around, his condescending look hurt no worse than my demise.

Then I remember drifting off, all around me turned into a golden mist. I felt myself gravitating toward a mass of oscillating Light that shone as a thousand suns. By a great Sound the golden-white brilliance parted, as would massive wings, and I beheld a wondrous land that lay in glistening sunlight. I felt drawn to it and drifting — yet I could not enter. From golden dells I heard the psalmody of pilgrims in white, who gathered at the Foot of God's Holy Mountain. Sweet melodies carressed the landscape, birds sang like minstrels and the scent of rare blooms diffused the air of the Elysian Valley. For a moment I could see into all eternity.

Little children in light-vestures played along the greens, gathered flowers and wove them into a sash. A great host of beings robed in pure Light walked among them. Oh, how I wanted to join them! For how long I remained, I cannot tell, but the impressions lingered on. There were no loved ones to greet me, nor friends. Only transcendent peace and unspeakable Love. This Love did not ask whether I wanted to stay or go, it simply existed and I was part of it. I recall the soothing, melodic sounds that lited me to this world, and for a moment I realized there was a better place for us.

In retrospect and consequence somehow my life changed. For me life lost its hassle. This happening enabled me to embrace a broader concept of life, death and God, Whose Mercy and Love became more real to me each day. It's not that the experience changed me into a different person, but perhaps that in the comatose state we accept directions, we might refuse when conscious; and that this time I would really do it right and go the distance. And so I did.

I remember the day *before* I was born and the moment of my incarnation; recall the point of leaving the Light World and my vehement refusal to move ahead, because I didn't want to be born. I perceived the Presence of a Mighty Spirit that attended the caravan of souls ready to reincarnate — and sternly moved all to obey.

By sounds of clonking, rustling chains, the force of a strong wind drove me and many others into lower spheres. I can still hear

the crying and weeping of those who followed. Then I descended through a dark tunnel. I had no body, and became acutely aware of a whirling, downward motion and heard the sound of a deep heartbeat. I was sound, sensing and feeling — within a dark void. Moments later all was bright as day, too bright for my eyes — and those who welcomed my arrival looked like giants.

### *Golden Gates*

Communication is of the soul. At times loved ones divide the veil to comfort the one left behind, or to let them know of the approaching new life. In one case a woman was out-of-doors raking leaves, when she turned to her daughter and said: "I had this dream the other night and can't get it out of my mind. I was floating up to heaven. There was this huge gate made of purest gold, and the streets were paved with gold, I've never seen anything so beautiful. Then the gate opened and my mother, father and others I used to know were waiting for me.

My mother spoke up: "Well, hello there! You will soon be with us!" I saw an assembly of children walking around, weaving flowers, some danced and enjoyed themselves. Then the Golden Gate began to fade and as I heard it close I was floating back to earth."

A few days later the woman went out to rake leaves again. Her daughter walked up and said: "Mother, are you alright?" but received no reply. Her mother stood silent, holding the rake, her spirit had departed.

There is no longer room for doubt in the reality of an afterlife, with the difference that it is one of all manner of activities, no one stays in one place to sing and play eternal harps. Emerson wrote: "Nothing is dead; men feign themselves dead, and endure mock funerals and mournful abituaries, and there, they stand looking out of a window, sound and well, in some new and strange guise."

Among the belongings of a long departed friend were found some personal notes. In one he tells of an experience which suddenly regressed him to a previous lifetime.

"I must tell you", he wrote, "of an experience I had when I was about twelve years old, while helping my mother making grape-



jelly. I was stooped over an earthen jar, using my hands to crush grapes. Suddenly I became transfixed by a powerful and indescribable sensation that gripped my whole being, there are no words to describe adequately my feelings; the nearest I can come to the description is that I felt intense quickening and a clearing of my whole being. It seemed as though a fog had momentarily parted, almost giving me the solution to an old problem — almost I could have named the country I looked upon, in the hundredth part of a second, I looked and lived and then the rift closed to span no more. Although I was left with the baffled, helpless sensation knowing there was much more to the experience, this is all I retained, could grasp and examine:

"A sunlit scene in a pleasant country and myself barefooted with a white garment about my middle and shoulders, treading grapes in a circular vat. The purple red juice was splashed to my knees and then I was shut out, I was no more. The most vivid thing about this experience was, that I was intensely aware, beyond hesitation or doubt that I lived before; there was no befogged staring at the thing, for I moved as a babe to its mother's breast.

"I know my experience was authentic. The thought that I am here because of my own imperfections ever urges me on to live nobly. Like iron I must pass from fire to anvil before I am fine steel. I live in conditions that were part of my own making when I was last here; whatever I do to make the earth a better place will be to my good when I return.

"From time to time that bit of spirit, destined to evolve into a soul, first moved in and quickened the atom of gas, so that it searches out and primes the negative atom; and we two kissed and danced on that incandescent ball that was to evolve into the earth, until now, I have come and gone millions of times from the world of spirit to that of matter; each time my spirit grew ever so slightly, each time it came back, it acquired a finer body. Some atoms started sooner and some traveled faster, but however scattered along the road, they all started from the same place and are running to the same goal. This explains we are brothers, indeed."

### *Children in Paradise*

To lose a child can be so harrowing, some mothers sorrow for a lifetime. So we should understand our children do not come from us, but *through* us, truth heals pain. When a child dies before the age of fourteen, or is stillborn, it immediately enters heaven, because the desire body has not yet developed, which does not occur until the end of the fourteenth year. What was not awakened cannot die and there is nothing to be purified. Such a child lives in complete happiness and remains until the opportunity for a new life arrives.

If a child suffers a terminal illness and dies, it is the last state of cleansing and termination of further incarnations. At the same time the burden teaches parents patience, compassion and soul-building endurance.

Infants and children in Paradise are well cared for by those who 'mother' and delight in raising and training the little one to develop a noble character that will give it a fine foundation in the next existence. Your little one enjoys all the pleasures of childhood and receives lessons that bring much happiness later on. If you would see your child raised by a heavenly parent your grieving and sorrow would most likely diminish.

Every incoming soul chooses its mother and father, and surroundings most beneficial to spiritual growth. If it finds new conditions insufficient for higher development, or it cannot face the karma it knows has to be paid, the body ceases to thrive, becomes ill or may back out being stillborn. When the incarnate spirit is weak, the Angel of Love leads it back into the Light to be strengthened and healed. When soul withdraws from the world of matter to find more favorable conditions, no love on earth can hold it back from finding a better life.

You may say you have given your precious one *everything*, but this is not the point, since the reason for living on earth is not to have but to learn *to be*. Often highly developed souls will seek a meager existence with poor parents, whose spiritual aid will enable them to fulfill their higher purpose. Or a soul may seek out a single parent, to learn self-reliance at an early age.



Your child is neither a young soul nor a new soul, it has lived before and enters the baby body to tackle old, but seemingly new problems. When the incarnate soul is strong-willed, it is difficult for the mother to cope with the child's behaviour and she wonders how such innocent darling can be so mischievous and ill-tempered! Children are people with a consciousness and will of their own, who need respect, love and guidance to grow and to try their spiritual muscles.

Even before the baby can walk and talk, it knows how to manipulate the mother, and throws tantrums until Mama picks the little screamer up. It is not a prisoner of its senses, but will make one out of you. Immature mothers who make punching bags out of their children, should learn to realize that soul, no matter how tiny its embodiment, has the right to exert its will to develop its personality to grow strong. It is a life, a light, which came into being; a light that shimmers from every depth.

Should you depart, while your child is still in the first paradise, the child, no matter how young it was when it left your world, shall know you, greet you and await your arrival; even though it was raised by a heavenly parent that loved and cared for it.

You maybe assured, when love is pure it is outreaching, touching all that is above and below. For as thought answers to thought, heart-to-heart talks become reality. The Heartbeat of God throbs through every dimension of life, and your own breath — and as separation is impossible, you may commune with those you love, and the children in paradise.

The great beyond remains a mystery, until we enter it in full awareness and find the worlds of God our true home. The key and passport to invisible worlds lay within every heart. Love and dauntless courage move us into the realities of the Absolute, which birthed the suns, moons, stars and universes, in a life without end.

## Chapter Twelve

### Life Without End

As our spiritual conversation on the continuity of life after death and the conscious realization of God is drawing to a close, it shall mark for you a new beginning — if you choose, for the Light shall awaken within you the dynamic Love of God, that you may prosper in body and soul, and realize your highest aspirations and potentials.

The purpose of reincarnation is the regeneration of man, human and divine. Literary knowledge is a tool, but Divine Truth can only be experienced through your higher senses. Soul-flights, spontaneous projections and travels to inner worlds are the abilities of adventurous souls, such as *You*, who are quietly on their way back to God.

Seekers wearied by endless prayers, worn-out by disillusionment and endless groping to find God, may find respite and ultimate freedom in the Eternal Spirit, rather than seeking happiness in the unholy excitement of cults, that lead to oblivion and death. Every human being is the incarnation of God, but *none* is your God. The Invisible Lord is your Master, His Spirit your Saviour, Enlightener and Wayshower.

He who would lead and point out the way, is gentle in heart and humble. Humility is the natural virtue of the true lover of God and has no need of identification. There is an air of quiet efficiency about a *true* teacher, that sets him apart from the rest. The Living Spirit urges him on to set others free and to render his work in excellence, that stewardship and service be brought forth in purest form. In him the qualities of impersonal love, compassion, rectitude and spiritual honesty are ever present. He works for a living and is not supported by his followers. When you find such a one, listen to his teachings!



Initiation is a sacred rite conferred upon the soul by the Spirit of the Lord. The devotee of the Holy Spirit is tried as steel in the Fires of Divine Love, until every spiritual center within him responds to God. The Royal Way to ultimate liberation is well-illuminated, narrow *and* broad. It leads forward, Beloved Seeker, ever Godward!

We have learned that death is the Gateway to Eternal Life, a resting point on your continuing journey into new awakenings. So long as man follows the plummeting star of desire, passion, anger, malice and greed, he must continue to carry his burden through the many revolving doors of death. The Law of God knows no enmity — man is his own avenger — but *It* teaches us how to regain eternal freedom through test, trial, out-of-body consciousness and *reincarnation*.

### *I have Lived Before*

Time moved on, the blazing inferno of war, bombing, fire, bloodshed, famine and sorrow. It was an angry era that groaned with misery, pain and deprivation of freedom; the living dead stalked among us. In slave labor camps rapes, starvation and the breath of death filled every heart with fright. Lamentable conditions and the demolished scenery were nearly as bad as some of the places I witnessed in yonder worlds.

The rich of the town became poor as church mice and rummaged through vacant homes and attics, often on hands and knees, filling their bags and pockets with anything worth taking and with heaps of dried cheese that laid on dirty floors. Fate cut the human ego to size, for genuine compassion and love were to them a total eclipse; and the poor loitered about. Every disaster was crowned with the moans of the brutalized and dying, but the air held a promise of peace — and there was God.

Earth, the melting pot of good and evil. Each day a new challenge, a victory won — and lows of defeat that make the heart weep. Only the strong survive, perhaps the poor of God — thus reads my Diary. I write not in sadness, nor out of self-pity, but from a heart that was washed, rung out and washed again by the

Spirit of God. The past is gone, but does it linger on in the memory patterns of the soul?

The Presence enveloped me with Love, no sooner I laid aside my earthly mantle, I stood at the rim of the Cosmic Sea that cast its silvery foam against reef and shore. Lapping waves barely touched the sands and tossed back into its deep; glistening streams of the evening sun poured rosy shimmers into the dancing waves, and I dreamed on, listening to the rapturous music rebounding from Eternal Shores.

A gentle spray of cool sea mist covered my face, as if to protect my eyes from the luminosity of the Venerable Being that now stood before me and spoke: "You are afraid — you must remember to know . . . !" "Know what?" my thoughts questioned. It was almost as though a streak of lightening split the veil in-two and I walked across the Bridge of Consciousness into the past. I beheld fractions of former existences, as pastlife memories unrolled before me with people and places that meant a lot, while others held a bitter aftertaste. I was not merely looking at what was happening, I was there.

I am in Ecuador, entranced by a glorious sunset, the sun sits bold and flaming red, colossal in dimensions, against the peach-colored background at the sharp edge of the pacific horizon. I want to walk towards it, it almost haunts me with affection . . . this place has special meaning, especially the people, I love them. I know much about the powers of nature that heal body and mind. I am old, wise and at peace with all life — I am man.

The scenery changes, I am in Egypt, *Karnak* appears in bold hieroglyphics on a gothic arch. I am a high priestess turning a huge water wheel at the east side of a temple. Many beds, some made of straw, there isn't enough room, the sick lay and groan, I carry an urn on my shoulder. I am tall, dark haired, and fragile. I fill cups with a rose-colored liquid, hold it to their lips, they sip it and fall asleep — I am woman.

I am in Bombay, a little boy, sell fish, steal fruit, my life is hard, my back hurts from punishment. I swim and catch fish with my hands. Now I am older, a rich merchant takes a liking to me, yes, I would love to go to Israel! I don't know him, he is as a father. I



run away from home, my mother loves me, my father beats me, I am desperate, I must go. I stow away on a freighter in the merchant's cabin and sleep in a woven crate. Then I am in Tel-Aviv-Jaffa, live by the water now. I am older, the man trains me at a printing press. I write Hebrew fluently, they call me the wise child. I train in the literary field, write books, have a wife, three children, two daughters, then one son, I frequent a synagogue . . . I must become a Rabbi, I speak to many people — this is all I see . . . I am man.

I am in Romania, they call me Anna, beautiful woods, birds, song, love and laughter, huge trees; I walk through forests, through brushwood, twigs crack under my feet, my hair is long and dark, it gets caught on a branch. I go to a hollow, happy fires are burning, fanned higher by pleasure, dance and song, wonderful music . . . I take off my shoes, join the circle. I'm a gypsy, no care in the world. I fall in love; he is masculine but agile, his teeth are white as pearls, dark wavy hair, he lifts me up and swings me around, wonderful music, a smiling full moon. Large tables are set, roast pig, bread and wine; we marry, much laughter, joy and children. Those dark eyes haunt me . . . I see no more . . . I am woman.

I am in Switzerland, I see the alps, the Jungfrau towers high . . . the scenery changes, I find myself at the foot of Mt. Blanc. My name is Klaus. I walk slowly up the hillside to the rustic cottage, a log house, I live there. Fire burns in the big hearth, I sit at a massive table, many pots, herbs, liquids, wooden utensils, sieves. People come from faraway like pilgrims, I give them what they need for health, I am taught by Nature Spirits. I am old, white hair and a beard, I am a hermit, that's all I see — I am man.

I am in France, Toulon, sixteen years old, poor, parents are dead from a dread disease. My name is Yvette, but they call me Jolie. I am a lady of the streets, many men, two lovers, I am beautiful. The bordello swells and smells from rich antique decors, I am thirty-six years old. Rooms hold many tears, the walls could cry! I am now Madame Le Rue, gendarms knock on the door; I go to jail, gendarms take much money, my lover comes for me, we go back home, argue, he pulls a revolver, that's all I can see — I am woman.

I am in Russia, the sun seldom shines, a small girl, thin and hungry, they call me Olga; it is so cold, so much snow . . . my boots are too large, big shawls wrapped around me, I stole from a neighbor, I need to get to the house by the buckled bridge, only two kilometers . . . I am tired, sit down, feel no longer cold, it feels so good, is that me? This is all I know — I am woman.

I am in Italy, my name is Isabella, I'm not too tall, dark haired, blue eyes, it is dusk. I walk toward an underground catacomb, carry food under my long garment, I look pregnant. A Roman voice calls out: "*Quo Vadis?*" I freeze in fright, our eyes meet, he lets me go; I feel forlorn in love, must carry on . . . he waits for me time and again, helps me to get food and drink to the others. I tell him of the Messiah; we are caught, he is beaten, I enter an open court, the arena, I walk without fear *Jesu Christo!* — this is all I know — I am woman.

I am in England, Augustine Kremp, detective of Scotland Yard. I walk across marshlands, Ireland, Scotland, fog, so much fog, I love it and the dew and eerie sounds of the dusk, I live in London, it's a stately mansion. I was raised by a stranger, who cared for me better after death. I practice criminal law, write books, I am old, walk with a cane; I am well-loved by many, my chest pains . . . that is all I know — I am man.

This is France, city of Marseilles. I live by the sea, adored in movie land, a star, I am selfish — have three sons, one daughter. My husband owns a fishing flotilla and part of the harbor. I love the water, I must live in the Americas, but I'm tied to France by politics and investments. I am old now, wonder what death is like?! Who cares! I see Auxerre, why would I ever want to go back there! — This is all I see . . . I am woman.

I am in America, New York City. I am in silent movies and the theater, well-liked; I travel across the country. My dress is long, that silly hat — the brim is too dark, too large; we must hurry to the party, then home. I am backstage, crowds still cheer. I walk out of the side door, a car is waiting for me . . . I can't cross the street — that pain in my neck . . . I am on the sidewalk, fall to the ground, a short knife, blood runs into a puddle on the pavement, that's all I know . . . I am woman.



This is Bordeaux, France. I live high above the ground in a tower like cell; the barred window is facing a sloped, transept roof. Muted echoes well up from below, of clapping horses hoofs and squeaking wagon wheels that rumble and rattle along a lone cobbled street. I am a recluse nun. This empty room of penitence under a gothic ceiling is shaped like praying hands. Wooden boards cover the cold mosaics under my feet. A cup and a bowl on the mantle, a cot and a chair. Narrow streams of sunlight warm the dusty room, my caught is terrible. I shiver with cold. I'm very old, sit by the window clad in a bulky dark cloak and white habit. My ears are intently attuned to the silent sounds of the cell. Sounds of Heaven. God is my one, all-absorbing thought. My thin fingers clutch a rosary — my eyes suddenly illumine by the happiness of a great light, that is all I know . . . I am woman.

And the curtain fell, the veil had closed. I am back in physical surroundings and shut the door to the past for that time. I concentrate on today, that every tomorrow in eternal now maybe a better one. Now is all I have.

### *The Humble Traveler*

By the time I was seven years old, I knew Eberhard the old hermit pretty well. Hardie, as I called him, lived at the sharp edge of the broadly winding Elbe river, that in the spring of the year was rather unfriendly, since the waters rose dangerously high when carrying off an avalanche of thawing ice blocks. Nature lovers stood on both sides of the banks each year, to watch the 'ice show', even in bone-chilling weather.

The old trail from the riverside wound up directly at the top of the slope, that was abrupt and steep, where Hardie, the old cliff-hanger occupied a one room cabin. Over the years it slowly sank into decay. Some shingles loosed by a storm dangled with bird's nests from the roof gutter and due to careless excavation the humble hut practically hung on the cliffside. Two posts and a sagging porch held it up by a sheer miracle! — but its unglazed windows could hardly mar its hidden charm.

Knec-high weeds obscured the narrow footpath to the hut and a weather-beaten statue of a madonna adorned the patch of grass

at the rim of the humble estate. Wildflowers, daffodils and a faithful tangle of mixed birds were Hardie's only companions. City folk called him peculiar and weird; little did they know that Hardie was a man of great foresight, never too wordy, but when he spoke you felt a subtle power in his words.

Inside of the hut, walls were papered with holy pictures and the remnant of a sanctified mural. There was a chair, a wobbly antique table, a neatly covered sagging cot and a hint of a bath. I guess Hardie must have bathed in the river. For warmth he stoked an old-fashioned wood-burning stove. Every now and then when sparks sprayed from the pipe, he'd reach up to straighten it, else the tinderbox would go up in smoke. An old linoleum, slippery as an eel covered the floor, in fact that's how we met — I came falling in the door. What a blessed, sunny day it was! All Hardie said and touched bore a benediction.

Even though the street gargoyles teased, laughed and threw sharp pebbles after him, he remained kind and friendly. He was a man of trust, constancy and spiritual power. Hardie's life exemplified: "that only the truly meek shall inherit the Kingdom". Hardie wore rosaries around his neck and a constantly jingling bracelet with charms of saints who seemed to do his bidding. His otherwise reserved nature and serious face would liven up and brighten, whenever I cautiously knocked on the glass pane of the door.

Though aged, Hardie stood tall, straight and lean and was of strong vitality, but at times he would walk around as forlorn in deep thought. Silent joy and wisdom sparkled in his dark eyes, one moment his face was a testament of youth and then again resembled that of an old sage.

Now, Hardie would always fix us a dispicable green stew for lunch, that I accepted with polite reluctance, but the good soul always made sure my plate was left ever so clean! Afterwards he would tell me fables and stories of saints which had a tranquilizing affect on me, 'less it came from those dandelion greens! When I commenced cleaning up after his cutlery skills and to wash our plates, Hardie would give me that faraway look, gave a few twists



to his sainted bracelet and say: "Oh, leave go, I'm here — give me that towel!"

When he reached toward me, a stream of heat from his hand touched my wrist and unknown warmth surged through my whole being. The next thing I knew — I was elsewhere, in a strange, new country too sublime to describe. Life, action and tranquility pervaded the sunlit domain, you distinctly felt the Influence that shaped the land and scenery.

And other times Hardie would usher me to Elysian lands, that I know as Venusian Ximballa, where manicured islands lay in the softly rolling sounds of heavenly power, and the invigorating ocean breeze cleansed the soul to shimmering lightness. For a moment the humble traveler stood in an aura of dazzling light, and then he took me by the hand and we walked to the white sandy beach, where we sat and talked until it was time to go. His was a spirit pure and clean, that came down to earth to conquer, and so he did. Hardie still held my hand as we walked along the paradise-green promenades of heaven, under the sunlit canopy of the brilliant azure sky. It was a world of artistry and wonder.

Hardie was always enthusiastic and full of life; he taught me more than the spirit of any book. The experiences were personal, real, and needed no convincing. But for the blessing of Hardie and other spiritual guardians, my young life was filled with celestial experiences and just as devoid of human love. Not once did Hardie speak to me of God Reality, he proved it, for in the wisdom of God he spoke the language of soul which needed no interpretation; you experience and know. My lovable hermit was the most humble, and most exalted man I have ever known on earth.

The course of months ran into a year, before I would see Hardie again, due to our pragmatic governess who was beset with her autocratic notions and kept a sharp vigil over my whereabouts, to curb my disappearing acts. She would snap: "Come along, Darling!" and she would march me off to skating and to voice lessons, assuring me it was for my best, but oh, how I pined to see Hardie! While my sister was considered a lady of grace, it was determined that the very sight of me spelled trouble. And at times I did contend, that earth was a hell plane of sorts, where pleasure and

retribution walked hand in hand, but I never felt emotionally deprived, because my inner freedom thrilled me from day-to-day. Even if I couldn't see Hardie for a while, he would come into my dream world and lift me into a life of freedom and peace, that was free of human atrocities.

The time again arrived, when we prepared to go to watch the avalanche of icebergs floating downriver. I felt so weary and listless that morning, nostalgic to see my old friend. When I turned to the hut I froze in dismay, and dry tears welled up from my heart. Where the old shack stood was now a vacant lot. The ice broke in midst of night, the turbulence shook loose the hut and carried it of . . . . and my soul friend too.

Beset with grief, I felt an agony no word could still, my love for Hardie shall outlast my memories! Young as I was, I prayed heaven would spill its rosy glow on his pillow, wherever he slept . . . . and that I would eat an extra portion of his revolting green stew, if it would help bring him back . . . . when a sudden light kissed away my grief. The humble traveler stood before me in the dazzling radiance of heaven, and the light of his dark eyes shone into mine in soulful friendship. Then he smiled broadly, repeating those same old words: "Oh, let go . . . . I'm here!"

I felt a peace only God can give, and was exceedingly glad Hardie was still around. He still draws into my solitude, we sit and talk a while as in days of old, and journey together to Worlds Beyond. When I hear the word *master*, I ponder how few may have risen to the humble traveler's exalted estate, who lived in poor guise, and whose religion was found in the way he lived.

Love spans the chasm that keeps us apart for a little while. In the quietude of soul, Love listens intently, and answers clearly to the language of the heart, and to its supplications.

To seek and *find* God, is the way of souls as *You*, who are unafraid to plumb the depth and scale the heights and breadth of their inner worlds. Only in the illumination and initiation of Sound and Light can we realize our opulence in God, our immortality, infiniteness of beauty, faculty and divine esteem.

The Resplendent Sound is God; beginningless and eternal, it is the Spirit of Our Most Sovereign Lord, without Name or language.



It is your lifeline, and the energy which carries you to invisible worlds, and back to your true home in the Heart of God.

My Dear Reader, I thank you for sharing in my innate experiences, and for your spiritual readiness in which you accompanied the Lord of Light on Journeys through the Self and to Worlds Beyond.

*I wish you Godspeed and Light!*

## BOOKS THAT HEAL, *from* THE PLACE OF LIGHT

### DYNAMIC KEYS TO SELF-HEALING,

by Dr. Lori M. Poe

A powerful, fascinating and engrossing book by one of the worlds most sought-after seers and healers, offers a wealth of effective self-healing methods that are easily applied, go to the heart of the matter and work. Filled with testimonies of those who have undergone miraculous cures and from physicians as well. Discover the Secret of Divine Healing, and the healing power within *YOU!* How to heal yourself, your life, your pet, the tree, the field, and how to be happy, healthy, wholly! The most potent, comprehensive book ever written on spiritual healing. \$19.95 each copy, plus \$3.00 shipping.

### MILESTONES TO GOD, *Healing Mind And Emotions,*

by Dr. Lori M. Poe

A controversial, impactful book. Learn the truth about spiritual living, being, immortality; how to heal the mind and master your emotions — the easy way! A book that guides you inward, from chaos to inner peace. Discover the Secret Way to God and how to connect with the most powerful force within you; how to become forever free from emotional pain and lose the fear of death permanently. About soul, destiny, rebirth, heaven and hell. A best seller. \$14.95 each copy, plus \$3.00 shipping.

### JOURNEYS TO WORLDS BEYOND,

by Dr. Lori M. Poe

This is a book of journeys into the Heart of God, the journey of every man. It lays to rest the fear of death and shows the safe, sane method by which it is accomplished. A book of potent teachings and celestial revelations. This book was written from direct encounters and journeys to heavenly lands, (and through hell planes) including life after death and out-of-body experiences in case histories presented. It explains our transition into the afterlife and shows what accrues thereafter. It will be shown that conscious separation from the body is natural to everyone and will confirm the unreality of death. A book on Life after Death, enlightening and exciting. \$19.95 each copy, plus \$3.00 shipping.



## TEACH ME THE WAY,

by Dr. Lori M. Poe

Here's a book for young and old, poetic, uplifting and unique. A poignant compendium of the truly spiritual life, that can be compared with antiquated lyrics, with Gibran's "The Prophet" and the Revelations. A testimony arising from profound instructional experiences; highlighting the precepts in regeneration, purity of heart, mind and actions, boundless Love and the Great Way God prepared for everyone. An absorbing, highly readable witness to the Efficacy, Power and Love of God for now and all times. Imperative to the seeker of God, and to all who wish to live content and feel truly loved. \$19.95 each copy, plus \$3.00 shipping.

## MY NAME IS ANA,

by Helena Duprèe

*A Fireside Book.*

A novel based on a true story. Here's a story of World War II, that tried hearts in the crucibles of its fires and drenched the ground with blood and tears; and of one woman's dauntless courage, determination and struggle to survive against all odds. It is a true story of love and war, death camps, sacrifice and victory, taking place in the Roaring Twenties, a life of glitter and fabulous estates, that would go from riches to rags overnight. Ana's life begins in an affluent health resort in Europe, with legends and lore of times past — and human drama; where she grew up, cuddled by fortune, until a twist of fate tore her out of her sheltered environment, her brilliant existence ended and she found herself alone. The story of Ana becomes a nightmare of heart-rending climaxes, of romance, marriage, estrangement, deceit, brutalization and finally freedom. You will find reflections of your own life in this book. A story which holds in its heart a part of all of us. \$19.95 each copy, plus \$3.00 shipping.

When ordering more than one book, enclose \$3.00 for first book, and \$1.00 for each additional book. (Outside US add additional \$4.00).

Send order to: THE PLACE OF LIGHT, 1705 Sutton Avenue, No:8, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45230-1841. Telephone: (513) 232-9616.



This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and faint smudges, characteristic of old paper. There is no text or other markings on the page.